Week ending July 14 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

See page 5

FACTS ABOUT FOOD

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There are *no* other sizes. The flavour of 'SPAM' is quite distinctive—it is made from pure pork shoulder-meat, with ham meat added. We are sorry that, at present, supplies are restricted. Look for the name on the tin.

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but she hopes soon
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THE PERFECT PROCESSED CHEESE
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FOOD FACTS

RATION BOOKS
LATEST

Books by Post in special circumstances

If for any reason it is impossible for you to apply personally (or through a friend) for your new Ration Book you will be able to get it by post. Watch for local advertisements giving the earliest date on which postal application may be made. If you have to apply by post you must send your present Ration Book (after filling in page 4), and your Identity Card to the Food Office. *These documents are valuable and must be sent by registered post.* The Ministry of Food will not otherwise accept responsibility. Your Identity Card and Ration Books will be returned by registered post and cannot be handed to anyone calling at the Food Office.

Re-register without delay

The new ration year starts on July 22nd. Re-register as soon as you have your new books. Shops are short of staff and delay may mean congestion later. This is what you have to do:—

(1) On page 5 of the Ration Book, write your name, National Registration Number and address in Section A, and at the top of page 6, your *present* milk retailer's name and address.

(2) In the other spaces on page 6, write the names and addresses of the retailers with whom you wish to register. (If you know that your retailer uses a rubber stamp, you can leave this job to him.)

(3) On page 8, write your name and address in the spaces against MEAT, EGGS (if you buy them from a retailer), FATS, CHEESE, BACON, SUGAR.

(4) Take the Ration Book to each retailer to cut out the proper counterfoils. *Don't cut them out yourself.*

IMPORTANT—Re-register as soon as you get your new Ration Book. But if you are moving house before July 22nd, wait to re-register in your new area.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday at 8.15 a.m.

The Ministry of Food, London, W.1. *Food Facts No. 53*

Will you want
foreign stations?

The B.B.C. may satisfy you for 90% of your listening. The point is, will you want the ability — and the *right* — to listen to foreign stations if you choose? If you do, look for demand, insist on radio sets that give you such freedom. Freedom is easier to lose than to get back.

MURPHY
RADIO

C.B.C. 177

'CAMP'

Don't blame your
grocer if you
have to 'WAIT
FOR IT'

GOOD COFFEE
CONCENTRATED

SWEET SURPRISE

"My dear, I'm dying to wear this angora jumper now I've finished it, but it's so grubby. I'm scared of washing it."
"*Well, my pet, why don't you get some Sylvan Flakes?*"
"Why don't I get some? I'd swap my sweet ration for some Sylvan—if there was any."
"*Didn't you know you could still get Sylvan? It's sold loose now.*"
"No! Where on earth can I find some?"
"*At your grocer's, but you must ask for it by name.*"
"Hold my jumper, darling—I'm off. Can I get you anything?"
"*Yes dear, I'll have your sweet ration.*"

SYLVAN FLAKES
NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS
5719

A BETTER BRITAIN
needs this Better Breakfast

A better Britain is now our aim. The work of reconstruction demands vast effort from all. Invigorating WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT is the ideal breakfast when your daily task requires energy, stamina and an active mind. Still zoned to save transport. 8d. per packet (3 points).

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

Even though George's 'studio' is the floor, mother doesn't mind. She knows that the germs in dirt are always defeated by the antiseptic lather of

Lifebuoy

It's more than a good soap
— it's a good habit!

2½d per tablet
1 coupon

L 407-943-58 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

Without Fear or Favour

THE DANGER OF BEING BORN

DURING the war our casualties from infant deaths and still-births were greater than our total Service and civilian losses from enemy action.

Will the peace be kinder to babies?

More than a quarter of a million children born in England and Wales during the years 1928-38, and who died within twelve months, would be alive to-day if social conditions had been fairer for the young.

That is the point. Most babies need not die. We condemn them to death. We stamp out their fragile life by the privations of poverty, the suffocating air of the slums, the overworking of their mothers.

We do that. Not just the Government or the man next door. The whole nation is responsible for the destruction of the children.

WE CANNOT MAKE amends for our callousness in the past. But we can help babies of the future to sturdy growth and good health.

First, we must so adapt our social conditions that poverty shall be banished. Of every 1,000 children born to the overcrowded poor, 108 die; the figure for the unemployed poor is 153.

Therefore we must have a system of real social security. We must press on with the housing programme so that overcrowding and the slums are abolished.

Next, we must insist on a high level of wages—and highly productive work so that these wages can be afforded by industry. One-quarter of the preventible infant deaths are associated with lowly paid occupations.

We must ensure employment for all. One-fifth of Britain's dead babies are born to the unemployed.

Moreover, we must grant decent conditions, ample rest and leave to expectant mothers who work in industry. For one-eighth of the babies who needlessly die are born to working mothers.

Let us now begin the battle for new life.

The Editor

Why Molotov Puzzles the World

R.A.F. Goes to Bad. Goering's Confessions. From Teacher's Desk to Judge's Bench. Refrigerator Surgery. Blind Boxing Expert. New Cricket Star

POLITICAL OBSERVERS, their eyes on the Potsdam Conference of the "Big Three," are noting the vast preparations which the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, Viatcheslav Molotov, has made for the meeting.

At San Francisco it became clear that his greatest ambition was to sweep away any misunderstanding which might exist between Soviet Russia and the Western democracies.

A silent, squat, strong man, with expressive hands, his political rise from a schoolboy revolutionary and a writer on *Pravda* has been meteoric. His policy is unchanging—loyalty to Stalin.

Two Sides

He sometimes gives an impression of harshness in public life, but his friends delight in telling stories of his mild manners, his good humour, his readiness to help others. When his country is at stake he is a ruthless fighter—and proud of it.

His envoys are busy all over the world; their task, the final safeguarding of Soviet Russian frontiers.

Many Moves

This aim is behind all Soviet diplomatic moves, many of which may puzzle the world. The agreement with Czechoslovakia for the cession of Carpatho-Ukraine. The move in Turkey to obtain a new agreement on control of the Dardanelles. The insistence on a place in the deliberations on Tangier. Discussions about Iran, where Soviet diplomacy moves into the Near East.

"Lease Lend" Possibility

Molotov also takes a lively interest in Russia's Far Eastern problems. He has formulated Soviet ideas about Korea—which he wants to revert to independence—Formosa and Manchuria. If Russia's aims are satisfied she might institute a Far Eastern "Lease Lend" agreement with Britain and America which would bring the Japanese war to a speedier conclusion.

Important Colleagues

In Europe Molotov's chief collaborators, apart from M. Maisky, are M. Andrei Vyshinsky, who represents Russia on the Mediterranean Commission; M. Bogomolov, Soviet Ambassador in Paris, and M. Fyodor Gusev, Soviet Ambassador in London, who preaches unity and co-operation with consistent fervour.

Vyshinsky is also First Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs. He is credited with the success of the intricate diplomatic negotiations which ended in the Soviet-Finnish peace. His discretion in the Greek crisis endeared him to the British Foreign Office. An eminent legal authority and once Russia's Chief Prosecutor, he may fill a great rôle at the peace conference—as Australia's John Curtin would certainly have done but for his untimely death last week.

A good maxim for the peace conference, indeed, would be Curtin's phrase: "The price the world must pay for collective security is less nationalism, less selfishness, more willingness to share with others."

German Occupation Query

HOW LONG SHOULD the occupation of Germany last? Some realists say twenty-five years. Idealists say: "Let's get out as quickly as possible."

A few years or a quarter of a century? Somewhere between these extremes lies the true answer, which the "Big Three" will doubtless try to find.

Meanwhile, all British Army and Air Force plans are based on the possibility of a lengthy stay.

Lord Wright rose brilliantly from the desk — Tartarescu means to mend the broken links — Russia's Gusev preaches the cause of unity

Headquarters Fixed

The R.A.F. has headquarters at Bad Eilsen, a pleasant spa town within twenty-five miles of Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery's military G.H.Q.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, Commander-in-chief of all British air squadrons in Germany, has a pleasant country house on the outskirts of Bad Eilsen, and his staff will be established in three hotels in the town.

As a fighter pilot in the last war, Sholto Douglas had a personal duel in the air with Goering, who broke off the fight after his aircraft had been badly damaged.

Goering Self-Condemned

What if Goering had been shot down that day? There would have been one war criminal less to try!

There is *prima facie* evidence for trying Goering as a war criminal, according to Lord Wright of Durley, Chairman of the United Nations War Crimes Commission.

Now, with the world-wide publication of the fat Field-Marshal's personal note-book—the *Daily Herald* is publishing it in Britain—it looks as if he will stand self-condemned.

The note-book covers the vital years from 1938 to 1942, and provides a record, in Goering's own handwriting, of behind-the-scenes scheming of the whole Nazi gang.

Second Choice

Lord Wright, by the way, began his professional career as a schoolmaster, and it was only later that he took up the study of law.

His rise was brilliant. He became a Lord of Appeal, Master of Rolls, and is well versed in all aspects of international law. In the variety of cases with which he has dealt in his long career he has always displayed cool judgment and a great breadth of wisdom.

War Crimes Collaboration

Major parts in preliminary conferences on war crimes have been taken by two eminent Russian legal experts who are in London for the first time. They are I. T. Nikitschenko, Deputy President of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R., and Professor Trainin, a leading Soviet judge.

The conferences, attended by British, American and French experts, have been fruitful. There is no fundamental divergence between Soviet legal practice and that of the Western democracies. Collaboration has been pleasant and smooth. It is felt that the impending war trials will contribute to the unity of the four major powers.

Police in Greece

LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR CHARLES WICKHAM, newly-appointed Chief of the Allied Security Mission in Greece, is getting down to work in Athens after a flying visit to London to select senior staff.

His chief-of-staff will be Mr. A. G. Ralph, Deputy Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard. The reorganisation of the police force in Greece will be one of their major tasks.

Picked Experts

About thirty senior police officers will eventually go to the new headquarters in Athens. They will work under Superintendent William Collins, one of the Yard's ablest detectives, who rendered valuable war service with the Ministry of Fuel and Power in checking petrol thefts and petrol coupon rackets.

Balkan Riddles

MR. TARTARESCU, Rumania's Foreign Minister, is in the vanguard of a move to renew traditional links between the Balkans and the West of Europe.

A cloud of mystery has enveloped the Balkans east of Vienna, and we have

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128, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

had little news lately of happenings in Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria.

But correspondents from Britain and America may soon go to South-East Europe to provide a steady flow of news.

The principle of "One World," which President Truman has inherited from the late Wendell Willkie, is to be applied to Europe, where many nations, jostling each other in a narrow space, are close enough physically but otherwise far apart.

More About Borneo

THE FIGHTING IN BORNEO continues. So does the gambling in the shares of the British North Borneo Company, on which light was shed in these columns last week.

It seems that the whisper has been going round the City that the British Government will eventually have to buy out this last of the "sovereign-right-owning companies."

The whisperers even suggest that the matter has been discussed by the Cabinet, worried about bargaining power when it comes to sorting out assets in the Pacific. It is argued that if British North Borneo could be pooled with all the Malay States in one self-governing federation, this bargaining power will be increased.

Past Experience

Our own inquiries show that the Company's assets were last valued, in 1940, at more than £3,000,000. Profits in that year amounted to £170,000.

It is interesting to note that the vice-president of the company, Sir Dougal O. Malcolm, is also President of the British South Africa Company, which at one time—until it sold out for many millions—"ran" vast tracts of what is now Rhodesia.

Our Charity Demands

ONE URGENT REFORM which the next Government must effect speedily is the compulsory registration of all charitable bodies and a far more stringent control of money gained by public appeals, street collections and flag days.

Those charities which are efficiently run will be the first to support such measures, for their own endeavours often suffer because of the activities of ill-managed concerns in which more money is swallowed up in "expenses" than ever reaches the needy.

Worse Aspects

Then there are the sharks—many of them downright crooks—who have always found the charity field a profitable one for exploitation.

Already they are getting active, and we may expect a crop of spurious ex-Service organisations of the kind so prevalent after the first world war.

We have been making a detailed survey of all aspects of the Charity problem, and our first report will be published next week.

IS THE AGE OF MIRACLES OVER?

Workers' Scholarships

WHAT SHOULD BE the function of the Trade Union Movement in the post-war world? is one of the subjects set to applicants for scholarships offered by the Trade Union Congress Educational Trust.

Trade Unionists between twenty and forty years of age are eligible. There are eight full-time residential courses at Ruskin College, Oxford, six full-time and twelve part-time at the London School of Economics.

But applications must reach the T.U.C. (Education Dept.), Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, by July 31.

Films the Public Won't See

MORE AND MORE FILMS are being made which are not for ordinary eyes. They are quite costly productions, dealing with highly specialised subjects.

Scientific and medical films have been used for students for some time. Now Scotland Yard is to use special films for training detectives of the future. The Ministry of Labour, too, will use films to re-educate demobilised men and bring them up to date with industrial developments they may have missed by being in the Services. Finally, the Church advocates the use of films to spread the Christian ideal throughout the country.

Lost Chances

Already the Church has Radio at its disposal. But does it make the best of its opportunities? An emphatic "No" comes from Dr. James Welch. As Director of Religious Broadcasting for the B.B.C., he should know.

He told Rochester Diocesan Conference that it was a grief to him that again and again broadcast services "were really bad." We agree.

Television Expert

ARTHUR WEST, one of Britain's television experts, is on an important mission to Chicago and Hollywood.

Technical director of Cinema Television, which is one of Arthur Rank's string of companies, West is investigating the position of television in America.

Americans, mainly from Hollywood, have announced that they are ready to produce millions of receiving sets and to cover the whole of the United States with a network of television transmitting stations within a year.

In London this news is received with scepticism. So West has gone to find out the truth.

And Now Skin Banks!

THE SUCCESS OF THE blood bank system has moved medical scientists to push on with other experiments. Now skin, removed from healthy areas at intervals, can be stored in a refrigerator until sufficient has accumulated to cover a large surface.

Skin stored for periods up to eight weeks has been used successfully by plastic surgeons. Patients benefit because far fewer operations are required when skin is ready to hand. Extensive grafting can be managed much more speedily.

New Lifeboats

ALUMINIUM IS BEING used for lifeboats in American ships. Half the weight of steel boats, and appreciably lighter than wooden boats, they have the additional advantage of being non-corrosive. Much lighter deck installations are needed for their launching, and this in turn gives a margin for greater stability of the ship.

Blind Boxing Critic

ONE OF THE GREATEST bugbears of boxers is eye trouble. Many of them have lost their sight, but still go to "see" fights and give expert opinion on them afterwards. Andy Newton, son of the famous "Professor" Andrew Newton, regarded as the best boxing coach we have ever had, not only "sees" fights but writes about them.

After more than five hundred fights, with only thirty-odd losses, Andy learned typing and secretarial work through St. Dunstan's, and has become a boxing journalist. He can follow fights like any sighted expert, and has just written a book on the fundamentals of boxing.

Cricket Star

THE HON. LUKE WHITE, son of Lord Annaly, is regarded as a certain England Test star of the future. He is an all-round athlete, with many trophies.

Now training as a Pilot Officer, he told an interviewer, after a fine innings for Sir Pelham "Plum" Warner's XI, that he was keener to get into the Far East war than to play cricket—even for England!

Cuckoos in Sporting Nests

LAND PROBLEMS OF A pressing character concern the continued occupation by military authorities of sports grounds all over the country. The Football Association is particularly perturbed about this and is inviting clubs which are still dispossessed to place full facts before it for investigation.

The release of all playing fields should be made an early priority.

Teaching Tommy

A NEW SCHEME for training Army men in home management is announced. It will include courses in household economy, and men will even be taught the advantages of certain types of kitchen equipment.

Our handyman was always "Jack";
But Tommy's turn has come.
He'll run the home, when he gets back—
And what a break for Mum!

Trouble in the Force

DISCONTENT is growing throughout the Police Force.

An appeal signed by many provincial officers has been handed to Mr. Churchill. A large protest meeting has been held in the North, several meetings have taken place in London, even though such actions have been banned since the police strike of 1919.

The chief causes of complaint are inadequate pay, long hours, and hard working conditions.

The Chief Constables' Association and the Policemen's Federation agree that pay and promotion prospects should be reviewed at once.

High officers of Scotland Yard are retiring on pension much earlier than is necessary because they can obtain commercial jobs at good pay and without the worry and long hours attached to their police duties.

One point of interest to the whole country is that for the last five years no new C.I.D. men have been trained. Crime is therefore likely to increase and the work of the police to become even more arduous.

Home Office permanent officials are well aware of the situation. They should make up their minds, without further delay, what advice to give to the Home Secretary.

The grievances must be removed.

World food shortage, say the headlines. Is this true? Need we go shorter this winter? A JOHN BULL Investigator says:

Here Are The Facts About Food

SMALLER FAT AND MEAT RATIONS, fewer "points," queues for anything off the ration, less variety and smaller portions in the canteens and restaurants. . . .

British housewives have thought it a poor reward for Victory in the West. And there are gloomy forecasts that it may get worse before it gets better, that this winter may be the worst ever.

Need it be so? Certainly some of the food facts seem, at first sight, contradictory.

We read that Britain now produces 70 per cent. of her needs instead of the pre-war 28 per cent. The United States has increased meat production by millions of pounds. Even blockaded Germany (though with slave labour no longer available) has raised the yield from her own fields and those of the countries she controlled to new high levels.

Many Were Better Fed

Yet the recent Conference of Allied Food Ministers was told that in the United Nations, including liberated territories, the gap between production and estimated needs was 1,500,000 tons of sugar, more than 1,000,000 tons of fats and 2,500,000 tons of meat, with other foodstuffs short on the same scale. Hence the latest ration cuts.

To reconcile these reports of rising production and increasing shortage we must first remember that before the war production was far from adequate.

In plain English, there was not enough food to keep the world's population healthy.

Many millions lived well, but many more millions lived far below our present ration levels. Even if the food had been perfectly shared—which it wasn't—it would have been too little.

We heard little about it, because it was nobody's business to worry. In any case, those who had not enough generally lacked the money to buy more.

Though we talk about rationing as if it meant getting less, a lot of people have in fact been getting more vital foods than they could afford before the war.

Millions of people in the Forces have been enjoying more meat and fats than they got in civilian life. And civilians last year ate 25 per cent. more dairy products (except butter) than they did in peace time.

Sugar Turned into Rubber

Your meat ration may seem small. It is. Yet the total consumption of the country is 81 per cent. of the pre-war figure. *Many people, indeed, are eating more meat because we are rationed.* In the United States they are eating 116 lb. of meat for every 100 lb. in 1939. In Canada they are eating 132 lb. for every 100 lb.

In a nutshell, just giving everyone their minimum ration of such essential foods as milk, fats and meat has meant a sharp rise in consumption.

Moreover, world population has increased, despite the slaughter of the war. C. M. Purves, a U.S.A. agricultural expert, reports that world food production calculated in calories is up to pre-war level, but the population has increased by 5 per cent.—thereby producing a deficit quite apart from other causes.

Convincing answers are available to many other questions.

Why do our deficiencies run into millions of tons of food despite the two or three years of comparative freedom from losses at sea?

The position has not arisen suddenly. Many times since 1941 pressing problems have been solved by dipping into reserves. Only the dramatic announcement and the cut in the rations has made it appear that the food disappeared overnight.

Why is the world short of sugar?

Because the plantations of the Philippines and the East Indies—from which Europe used to get 2,000,000 tons a year—have not yielded us an ounce for four years owing to the shortage of shipping. Nearly enough sugar to give the British ration-book holders that pound they are going to miss at Christmas has been turned into synthetic rubber for military purposes. And Europe's last sugar beet harvest (including Britain's) was disappointing.

WINTER PROSPECTS

MEAT. We can hope for a return to the full 1s. 2d. ration without corned beef.

FATS. The 1 oz. cut in cooking fat will be restored, but the total fat ration will not rise above 8 oz.

FISH. More and better, owing to heavier landings and speedier transport. More kippers, too.

EGGS. Expect more and more shell eggs. Dried eggs are on their way out.

SUGAR. Don't count on any extra. More sweets are likely to come first.

CHEESE. Likelihood of an extra ounce when the colder weather comes.

BACON. Likely to go back to 4 oz. this autumn. Possibility of unrationed cooked bacon and ham later.

VEGETABLES. Should be plentiful.

FRUIT. Increasing supplies, including oranges, lemons and American apples. Sorry—no bananas yet.

Where has all the meat disappeared to?

The British ration is 5d. worth of home-produced meat, 4½d. worth of Argentine meat and the balance from U.S.A. and the Dominions. In Britain, milk, potatoes and cereals have taken precedence over meat production. Argentine has been short of feeding-stuffs. Australia has had a disastrous drought, which will reduce meat production by 200,000 tons this year.

Why are we short of fats?

Many of the most important margarine producing areas for the raw material have been in German or Jap occupation. There has been virtually no whaling during the war, and stocks of oil used in the manufacture of edible fats have been exhausted.

Could the shortages have been avoided?

If we had not made mistakes, the "deficits" might have been smaller. For instance, the shortage of potatoes in Britain has been due to lack of labour for last year's harvest, and countless tons of tinned foods earmarked as "emergency" rations against invasion have been spoiled by faulty or overlong storage.

But some muddle and waste are inevitable in war, and it is doubtful whether the deficiency could have been avoided except by refusing military demands and risking a longer war.

No Luxury Diet for the Continent

Are the food cuts being shared equally by all the United Nations?

Not equally, but reasonably fairly. The U.S. and Canada still get more dairy products than Britain, but the percentage cut they have taken is a larger one. They are now getting the same sugar ration—but it has meant a cut nearly twenty times as great as in Britain.

The actual cuts are probably being felt less in Britain than elsewhere, because we were already so low. Psychologically, they may affect us more because we have been closer to the war for six years.

How much is feeding the Continent responsible for our sacrifices?

The Allies are finding 32,000,000 tons of food for liberated territories this year, instead of the 18,000,000 tons estimated.

By weight, only a small part of this is the vital meat, sugar and fats. The liberated areas will get 750,000 tons of meat, 780,000 tons of sugar, and a substantial portion of the 312,000,000 bushels of wheat and 58,000,000 bushels of flour Canada is sending across the Atlantic.

This food is the minimum required for survival.

When will the Continent be able to feed itself?

France has 100,000 acres of rich land rendered useless by buried mines—125,000,000 of them are yet to be lifted. Holland has thousands of acres ruined by floods. Great areas of Belgium, Germany and other countries were not planted because of the Spring battles.

The distribution of fertiliser is difficult even when transport is available. At best, this year's crops will be half of the normal over large areas, and it will be 1948-49 before livestock in most countries is anywhere near back to pre-war figures.

What are the prospects for increased rations?

Not bright. There is no possibility of more sugar until this year's harvest has been processed, no possibility of normal supplies until the Far Eastern territories are liberated and rehabilitated say, in 1947 or 1948.

We are trying to raise an additional 1,000,000 pigs, 8,000,000 poultry, 70,000 dairy cows, 350,000 other cattle and 2,400,000 sheep this year. But these targets depend upon manpower and fertiliser being available. At best we shall not feel the benefit until next summer.

Fats supplies will not be normal until at least a year after VE-Day. Meat and dairy products cannot be off the ration until 1948 or 1949.

So far we have looked on the dark side. Taking a longer view, there are reasons to hope for gradual but steady improvements.

The great wheat harvests mean that the world should not lack for bread. The reconquest of Burma should give a surplus of 100,000 tons of rice this year and a great deal more next. War-time advances in methods of storing foods—dehydration, canning and quick-freezing—should enable the alternation of glut and famine to be avoided.

Plan for Plenty for All

Moreover, science is making great progress with the production of wholesome synthetic foods, such as margarine, which is derived from largely inedible fats and oils. We have devised new ways of obtaining protein, the important constituent of meat and cheese.

If we are determined the world shall be well fed, this is only a beginning. Ensuring enough food of the right kind for every person in the world now offers no technical difficulties to which we do not know the answer.

Even if we regard that as a long-term view, there is no doubt that long-term policies can produce short-term results. We shall be better off this winter if we assure farmers that uneconomic prices will not cripple them after this war as after the last one.

Production in the U.S. this year is 10 per cent. down. In Canada, pig production is 32 per cent. down. American and Canadian farmers fear that with returning world trade the British market which has been open to them during the war may be glutted or will pay uneconomic prices.

These are symptoms of the dangers ahead. They emphasise the need to plan the world's food on a world scale—and to plan for plenty instead of pre-war scarcity.

T. S. DOUGLAS.

Mr. Clark knows that low wages do not bring efficiency

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. James Oscar Max Clark,

Chairman, J. and P. Coats, Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—High wages and a forty-hour week are possible, you think, in the cotton trade. I believe they are both practicable and necessary in every industry.

Lancashire is sick. Let us recognise the symptoms before prescribing the treatment.

There are now 205,000 cotton workers. Before the war there were 375,000. Until 1914, wages of 24s. for a man were considered good. By 1939 they had risen to an average of £2 10s. Now the master spinners have approved a minimum of £4 for men and £2 15s. for women, yet no one expects these rates to attract new recruits.

And what about output? American production per worker is 18 to 49 per cent. more than ours in spinning, 80 to 85 per cent. more in winding.

That is why the Americans, earning far higher wages and working a forty-hour week instead of our forty-eight, are able to make articles at the same price as we can.

As you say, "long working hours and low wages do not in themselves make for proficiency or even produce the cheapest goods." Welcome words from the head of a £20,000,000 firm!

I daresay you are right in arguing that British operatives must adopt "a different outlook" if their conditions are to be raised to American standards. But I doubt if the remedy is in the hands of the workers alone. The employers and the Government are no less and perhaps more able to help.

Obsolete machinery—much of it pre-1914 German stuff—must be replaced (95 per cent. of American cloth comes from automatic looms; in Lancashire the figure is only 5 per cent.). Machine layout needs to be modernised.

Better ventilation systems are required. Less noise and heat, morning and afternoon breaks, are as important as a guarantee that greater economy in labour will not lead to exploitation

In short, the entire industry must be remodelled.

Most of us realise that under-consumption and not over-production was the evil which brought our industries to stagnation in the Hungry Thirties. We must ensure that, in future, efficiency in industry will lead to high wages, and therefore to full consumption.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler,

Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Demobilisation should be speeded-up. To do so would not affect operations in the Far East or impair efficiency nearer home.

Officers and N.C.O.s, in the Army and the R.A.F. alike, are protesting to me about the waste of skilled artisans and business executives in uniform.

These men are too old or in too low release groups to be posted abroad. They are killing time on unproductive duties. Spit-and-polish has been restored to "keep them out of mischief." Thousands of men and women are having to strive for a pointless perfection in parade-ground manœuvres. Thousands of gallons of paint are being applied to buildings that soon will be unwanted.

Meanwhile, the housing programme is held up. Crops are likely to rot for want of harvest helpers. Industry will become more short of labour than ever before.

A million pensioners are due to retire from the factories; 2,000,000 women are anxious to get back to their homes. Thus the demobilisation of 750,000 people by the end of the year will not make good the gaps. And we need do far more than that to increase production so that we may resume normal trade and tackle the great tasks of reconstruction.

The Bevin release scheme is founded on a fair basis. It was so devised that it can be expedited or slowed down according to military needs.

Those needs are now known. They leave no doubt that you could—and should—order the demobilisation centres to work at maximum rate.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Frederick Maurice,

President, British Legion

DEAR GENERAL,—I agree with those Legion branches which suggest a chain of halls for returning Service people to continue their war time comradeship and discussions.

No less necessary, both for adult education and recreation, are the community centres for all proposed by the late Government.

Neither can be built for years. Housing must come first. But Army huts could surely be released as demobilisation progresses and moved to convenient sites as temporary premises for communal movements.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Henry Willink,

Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—If you are looking ahead to a healthier Britain, think with me for a moment of a great discovery of the not-so-distant past.

Two doctors made it. They found that swimming, dancing, skating, a good library, cafetaria, billiards and social life were instruments of positive health. They built a magnificent centre that catered for all these activities—a place that concentrated on health rather than sickness—a club that cost each family only 1s. a week—a happy and unique innovation that made young people want to have children, diverted the middle-aged, and saved the elderly from feeling old.

Yes, of course, the Peckham Health Centre.

Its medical directors are wanting to get it going again as an example for every district, and, indeed, for the whole world. But it is still requisitioned, though the war accessories produced there could now be made in premises that have become empty.

As Minister of Health you have a lot of influence in this matter. Need I say more?—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

Guide to Memories

MEMORY IS NOT a one-way street; we do not sufficiently realise that, nor that part of the art of life is to develop the ability to forget. You can put it another way if you like, and say that part of the art of living is to be able to select our memories.

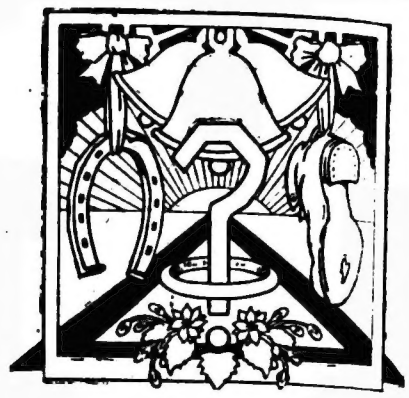
Many, many people sour their lives by this inability, and this unwillingness, to forget.

Memories are things round which, eventually, our emotions group themselves, out of which, in the end, a large part of our temperament is woven; by which our outlook on life is coloured; and which can, and often do, determine our very actions.

It is not a little important, then, to see that our memories are kept under control. They are much too dangerous to be allowed to sway our minds as they like.

It's not really difficult, you know, to look over them from time to time and decide that this isn't worth keeping, and that the other is. There is a very simple test—does the memory, whatever it is, give us pleasure; does it arouse a pleasant, friendly, human emotion in us: or does it give us pain, rouse envy, malice, regret? Surely there can't be much to be said for deliberately keeping the latter sort endlessly alive?

"I never forgive—but I always forget," said Balfour. And that's not a bad guide to what sort of memories we ought to cherish.



Argument

Three days' wait to marry, three years' wait for divorce:

SHOULD MARRIAGE BE MADE MORE DIFFICULT?

yes

1. Marriage is perhaps the most important step we take in life. Yet young people often rush into it blindly—legal notice, three days.

2. The law will not, in general, permit divorce within three years of marriage. Why no time for reflection *before* the ceremony?

3. When young people ask their parents' consent to a hasty marriage, the usual advice is: "Wait a year." Law should uphold prudent parenthood.

4. In most of the United States a blood-test, which common-sense demands, is compulsory before marriage.

5. In all other contracts concealment of material facts is a serious offence. Only in marriage is it permitted, even encouraged.

6. In a well-regulated community need for hasty marriage is comparatively rare.

7. The endless misery which results from imprudent marriages harms the children, debases the estate of marriage, and is socially disruptive. The State has an obvious duty to promote enduring unions.

no

1. Romantic love, most beautiful of all human experiences, creates marriages more binding than those contracted with cold calculation.

2. Marriage is a sacrament, not a business deal. The law has no jurisdiction over the human soul.

3. Comparatively few people rush into marriage on a "what about next Wednesday?" basis. Psychologists are unanimous that most young people wait too long. Passion cannot be kept in cold storage.

4. You may make the legal ceremony of marriage harder, but not the physical act which marriage consecrates. Legal delay would breed unlawful relationships.

5. Health-tests, within reason, are admirable, but need not cause delay.

6. "Exceptional cases would always have consideration." Nonsense. Either red tape would multiply or continual exemptions make the law a farce.

7. The fact is that marriage flourishes best when least interfered with, and, save on direct appeal, the State has no warrant to meddle with intensely personal concerns.

LET THE PEOPLE PLAY

by A. G. Gardiner

Holidays should mean freedom. Freedom to enjoy Britain's lovely beaches, moors and hills. But many are spoiled or barred. Profitable leisure needs freedom from exploiters, from congestion, from ugliness

THANK GOD, THAT'S OVER! Whether we have won or whether we have lost, we can all rejoice that the delirium of the election has passed and that we can turn to sane and civilised things again.

And what subject so fresh, so timely, so inviting as that of holidays? If ever a people needed a holiday it is ours. If ever a people earned a holiday it is we.

Six years have passed since we were plunged into the darkness and horror of war. Six years during which we have been ridden by one stern, tyrannic task that has banished the holiday spirit from our hearts.

Travelling there has been on a scale the world had not seen before. Millions of men have traversed oceans and continents they had never expected to see, and fought in lands of which they had never heard.

Holidays in the Homeland

We have lived in the midst of a tornado that has swept sea, land and sky. But in all this frenzy of motion there has been no refreshment of the spirit, no "green thought in a green shade." Now that the tornado has passed, we can talk and think and make holiday.

We are still restricted in our range. Foreign parts remain out of bounds.

Not since September 3, 1939, has one of us been permitted to leave these shores on pleasure bent, and though the ban is now lifted it will be long before the devastated Continent that lies beyond the Channel will be our summer haunt again.

Some day the Alps and the Riviera, the Rhine and the Tyrol will recover their old magic, but not yet.

And it is fitting that the holiday season in which we celebrate the passing of the terror should be spent in our own borders and among our own people. With them we can share the common thanksgiving that the great peril is over, and rejoice that the liberties of this blessed land are restored to us.

This rejoicing is "in widest commonalty spread." If I were asked for evidence that, in spite of the dreadful experiences from which we have mercifully emerged, this world of ours is on the mend, there is nothing I should point to more confidently than the universality of holidays—holidays with pay.

We Live in a New World

When I was a boy the class that needed holidays most never dreamed of such a luxury. The harness was on their backs from year's end to year's end, and a week or two by the seashore or among the mountains of Wales or Scotland was as unattainable as a visit to the moon.

But the social revolution that may be said to have begun with Old Age Pensions and National Insurance has changed all that.

In the interval there has been so beneficial a redistribution of the national income and so drastic a change in the conditions of life that we may be said to live in a new world.

In this new world we can all claim our days in the sun, free from the yoke of factory and shop and the tyranny of the first 'bus in the morning and the last 'bus home at night.

Nothing has contributed so much to this change as the practice of holidays with pay which was inaugurated in the years before the war by the Amulree Committee. If not yet universal, it is so nearly the case that the complete victory is assured.

For example, not one of the fifty trade boards had, even before the war, failed to reach agreement on the subject.

Protection for Beauty

The effect of this revolution upon the physique and soul of the nation can hardly be over-stated. Thanks to this seasonal escape from the bondage of habit and place we are discovering our land as our fathers never discovered it.

Through such agencies as the Workers' Travel Association, the Youth Hostels' Association and the Ramblers' Association, and the modern miracles of transport, we can explore our country from John o' Groats to Land's End with a comfort and at a cost that would have been unthinkable in the past.

If our taste is for rest rather than travel, we have one of the most glorious coast lines in the world to choose from and can spend our days bathing and shying pebbles under Beachy Head or building castles for the children in the sands of Bournemouth or Newlyn or Aberdovey or a hundred other delectable coves or inlets of our encompassing seas.

Best of all, if we are young and lusty, we may discover England afoot, tramping the downs or climbing Helvellyn by day and resting at night in the wonderful system of huts and hostels which the Y.H.A. has scattered over the land.

These people know how to enjoy their leisure after the day's work. But when they go on holiday they find stretches of loveliness where enjoyment is not allowed

The development and extension of this inheritance of leisure is not the least of the social tasks before us. Whether this, in the jargon of the time, is a matter for "free enterprise" or "planning" is an open question.

Should there be a Ministry of Leisure or should the impulse come from such free activities as the W.T.A. and the Y.H.A.?

There are certain directions in which public action through Parliament is essential.

Take the most flagrant scandal of all—the desecration of our coast-line. The littoral of this country, with its headlands and downs, creeks and sands and coves, is our most precious inheritance. But if the case for "free enterprise" rested upon our administration of that inheritance it would be damned.

No beauty spot on our coast is sacred. No shack is too vile to insult and deface it. Slums of foul huts spring up without challenge or control, and the infamies of so-called "amusement camps" poison the air.

The Need for Staggering

These evils have in recent years assumed the proportions of a plague, and unless ruthlessly checked will leave no stretch of our coast undespoiled. It must not only be saved from the exploiters. It must be made accessible to the public.

So with uncultivated mountains, moors, heaths and downs. The unobstructed public right of way should be absolute and unchallenged.

Another phase of the holiday question calls for immediate action. With the ever-increasing demands upon the pleasure resorts a spread over of the holiday season becomes urgently necessary in order to avoid the inevitable and growing congestion.

The Scottish burghs have shown the way. They meet in assembly each year and stagger the trades holidays, taking turns for the most popular weeks. This spreads the holiday season, makes more lodging available, and is welcome to both the trades and the seaside hosts.

Why should not the English industrial cities follow suit? It is already done in Lancashire.

And in this extension of the kingdom of leisure, nothing is more necessary than the safeguarding of the beauties of our land.

National Parks for the Nation

It is not enough to save what is left of our coast from spoliation. The great domains of natural loveliness, like the Lake District, the Welsh mountains, the Derbyshire dales, Dartmoor, the Cotswolds, the South Downs, should be declared national parks and preserved for ever as the high lights of England's green and pleasant land.

Into that land we can now go forth to make holiday with cheerful hearts. We have saved it from the despoilers from without. Let us see to it that we now preserve it from the despoilers within.

DIAMONDS: Symbol of Luxury—Essentia

Soot. Lamp black. That's all. But melted by earth's inner heat, moulded by terrific pressure, carbon becomes diamond—adornment of beautiful women, driller of rockhard steel, strange link between dazzling luxury and grim essential toil

by GEORGE EDINGER

HARDEST, MOST IMPERISHABLE and steadiest of all things in this world of tumbling values, the diamond is worth all it ever was. In money terms it is worth much more. Since we celebrated the end of the last war the diamond has become worth three times as much, or shall we say, money has become worth three times as little.

Since we started this war, the world's demand for diamonds has trebled. The world wanted diamonds to shape the hardened steel in aircraft motors and gun barrels; diamonds to cut glass and to cut diamonds; diamonds for drills, gauges, grinders and adjusters; diamonds for the white shoulders of expensive women; or simply diamonds to put away as the safest investment of all.

Money—we learned between the wars—can be produced to the limit of a paper press.

Corn may be so plentiful in a hungry world that it is used to fuel engines.

Cotton can be overproduced till men are paid to plough it back into the ground again.

Even gold can lose its value any day that a new gold-mine is discovered. And, anyhow, you can carry on without gold. Hitler did.

But you cannot carry on a modern industrial State without diamonds. There is only a limited number of diamonds in all the world. Or rather there is only a limited number to be got out of the world.

Because nine diamonds out of ten come from the Union of South Africa; because their output is virtually controlled by the firm of de Beers; because the prosperity of the Union of South Africa depends, or is believed to depend, on the value of the diamond, only a select number of people are licensed to produce a given number of diamonds a year.

A Boy Played with a Pebble

In 1928 there was a glut of diamonds. World-wide depression had stilled the wheels of industry. It had also stilled the drills for which diamonds are used. Demand dropped by five-sixths

That year the diamond mines at Kimberley produced £11,000,000 worth of stones. There were too many diamonds. Their price looked like toppling over.

But de Beers kept up the level. They subsidised the smaller firms to keep up the level, too. The mines stopped producing. Supply waited for demand to catch up with it. And now the South African mines are working again. But they go slow.

Figures for 1943 (the last published) show that £20,000,000 worth of diamonds were sold that year, and only £7,000,000 worth produced.

And yet, if all the diamonds now strewn about the sands and river banks of South and South-West Africa were flung upon the markets of the world diamonds would not be worth as much as peanuts.

The first South African diamond was found in 1867. Women were wearing crinolines and playing croquet, the Northern and Southern States of America had recently stopped fighting each other. Strauss was composing the Blue Danube Waltz.

Walking out beside the shore of the Orange River, Dr. Atherstone found a Dutch settler's little boy playing with a pebble. The sharp glint of the stone caught the eye of the doctor. That pebble was a diamond.

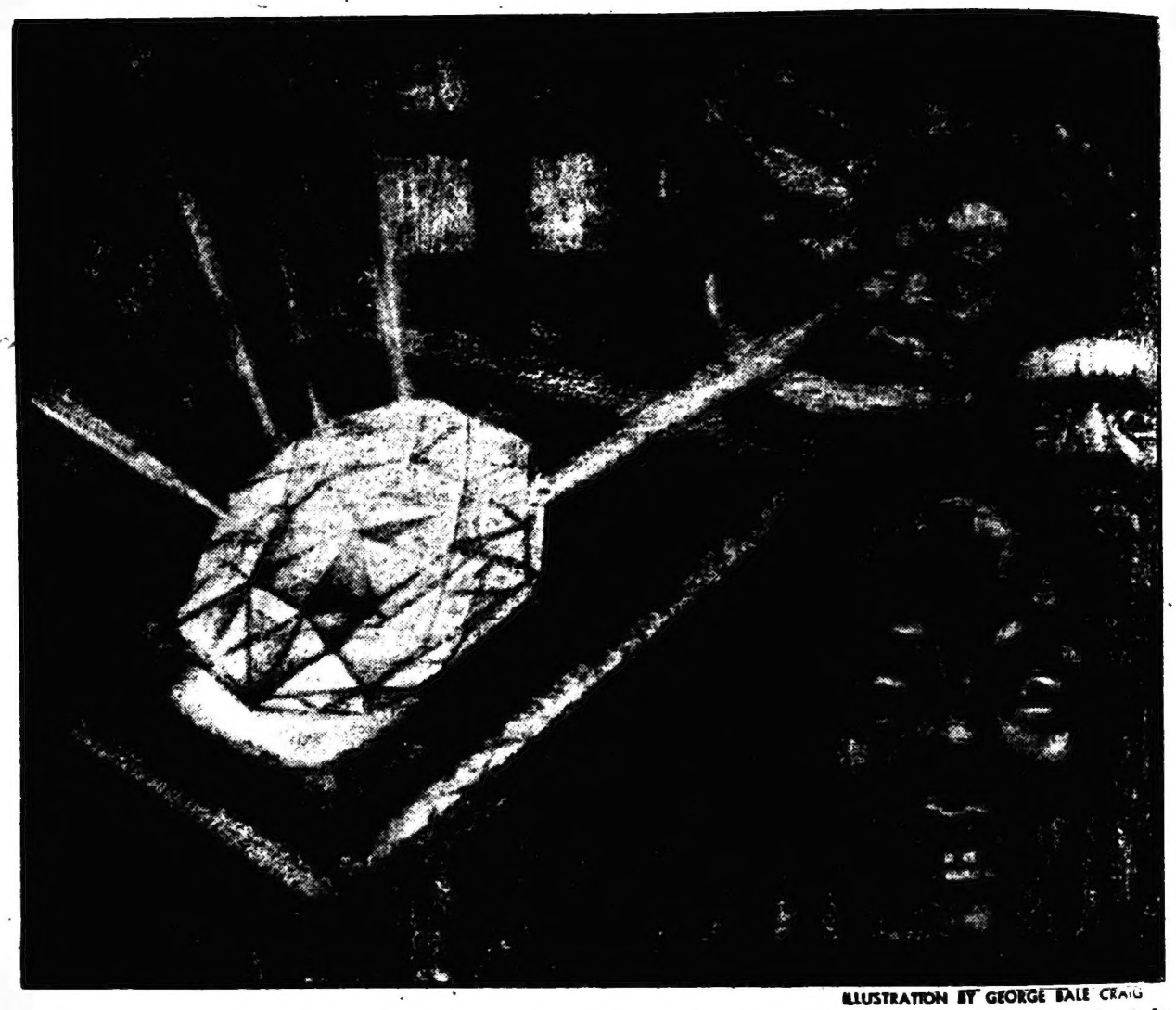


ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE DALE CRAIG

It is a far cry from Bond Street, where fashion dictates glitter, to Kimberley, where diamonds are mined by South African natives, whose wages are 3s. 6d. a day and who are not allowed to leave their isolated compounds for six or seven months at a time. The stones they find are cut by men who are paid as much as £50 or £60 a week. At last the diamond, product both of cheap and dear labour, comes to rest on its velvet cushion in the shop window—to be bought by people whose money would be better invested in industry

Here was the fabulous gem that the Romans said "was only known to kings," the stone that men in the Middle Ages believed to grow in the heads of vipers, the jewel that Sinbad found in a valley in the wildest imaginings of an Arabian Nights' entertainment.

When first the diamond diggings began at Kimberley in 1870, the prospectors were marshalled at a touch-line, and, at the word, were let loose in a headlong rush to stake their claims.

Now the main effort of authority is not to let them into but to keep them out of the diamond lands.

Fortune Washed Ashore

A few years before this war a pioneer called Merenowsky went out along the shore where the Orange river runs into the South Atlantic, on the border of the Union territory and the Mandated area of South-West Africa. He calculated that the river running through the diamond deposits of the Transvaal must wash away the soil in which the stones are bedded, the blue ground they call it, and it is basic igneous rock without a vein of quartz.

Now, in a ton of blue rock there is only one-quarter carat—which is just one grain of diamond. Even so, Merenowsky worked out that his calculations would bring him a fortune in diamonds. They brought him a fortune all right But it was not in diamonds. The happy prospector was suddenly richer by £2,000,000. And he kept his mouth shut.

The conclusion that he reached was this: by a painstaking calculation of drifts and tides and currents it was clear that the river must carry down the blue ground to the sea, that the sea would sweep it back across the sands of the Kalahari desert, and that its precious content would be washed ashore at a spot called Alexandra Bay on the coast of South-West Africa. There is a story that one African native who went down to the water there and filled his bucket returned with diamonds to the value of £5,000.

Romance of the Diamond Cutters

Anyhow, they have now laid a concrete surface on those precious sands and fenced them with barbed wire. They have set searchlights playing over the surfaces, and posted patrols and sentries. It is believed in the Union, and not, I feel, without reason, that the great tracts of country set aside as reserves for the preservation of lions, antelopes, zebras and giraffes in their native state do not owe their existence entirely to the Union's laudable resolve to preserve the fauna of South Africa.

If the diamond is rare, so, too, are the men who cut and polish it. The stones that ancient writers, in the days of Christ's ministry, called the most precious of all jewels, more precious far than gold, were brought unpolished out of India.

But when, in the eighteenth century, diamonds were fetched out of Brazil to Lisbon a Jewish craftsman discovered that a diamond, skilfully cut and polished by the dust of another diamond, displayed a new brilliancy that enhanced its beauty and its worth. He taught the secret to a few families of his friends and, when a wave of Jewish persecution (and we have seen the like in modern Germany) swept over the Iberian Peninsula, the Jewish cutters and polishers packed up and took their craft to the

l of Industry

more tolerant atmosphere of Amsterdam and Antwerp.

Here they settled down, taking in Dutch and Belgian craftsmen, but taking very few. Their descendants have carried on the work in the same cities till this day.

Just as South Africa produces nine out of ten diamonds, so Amsterdam and Antwerp contain nine out of ten of the world's 30,000 cutters and polishers.

Brilliant, Lasting, Harder than Steel

It is not easy to cut a diamond. A false stroke may destroy a fortune. Over £1,000 may depend on one tap of a hammer.

Cutting and polishing diamonds is a slow business. To finish a stone worth £500,000 takes fifteen months' careful work. It is the only act that no one dares insure.

Thus the rarity of diamonds is still more enhanced. But rarity is one only of the qualities that they alone possess. Although only one diamond in three is used in industry, *there is no stone that can replace it.*

Germany was hard pressed at times for the diamonds in her war machine. It was only at the risk of many lives, and the cost of fortunes, that her agents smuggled them in twos and threes along the length of Africa or, less precariously, conveyed them in the diplomatic bags of Axis ambassadors that were flown to Europe from Brazil.

But romance clings always to the gem diamond, at once the most brilliant of adornments and the surest of investments, lasting virtually for ever. Its hardness—and it is four hundred times as hard as steel—is the eternal enigma of the scientists. They can turn diamonds back into soot by heat or electric current, but they cannot turn soot into gem diamonds by any means whatever, though a few experimental black diamonds have been manufactured.

And yet there is something that appals in the hardness of the diamond. It has been called the accursed stone, for a single specimen has sometimes brought misfortune to generation after generation.

Old Tragedies and New Portents

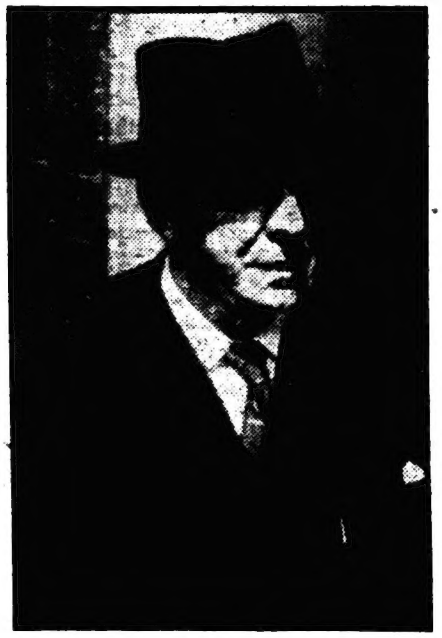
There was the Orloff, the diamond eye of a Brahmin idol stolen by a soldier of King Louis XV of France. It was taken from him by a sea captain whose ship went down, bought for £90,000 by Count Orloff, the favourite of Catherine II of Russia, who died disgraced in a mad-house. He gave his diamond to the Russian Imperial House of Romanov, and it certainly did not bring much luck to them.

The great Hope Diamond, the spoil of the East India Company, was the curse of eight generations of its owners. And there was that famous Diamond Necklace offered to Marie Antoinette of France that ruined all who handled it and precipitated the fall of the French Monarchy.

In one of his romances, *The Firm of Girdlestone*, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle describes fantastically the ruin that descends on a South African mining community after the fake news of a diamond mine discovered in Siberia.

The balance of circumstance that maintains the high value of diamonds in the markets of the modern world would, were it upset, spread ruin to the four corners of the earth. And it is not absolutely secure. Specimen diamonds have been turning up in the East Indies, California, and the Guianas. They have even fallen in a meteorite from the heavens.

More immediately the diamond monopoly is threatened through the United States anti-Trust laws, invoked by users of industrial diamonds, protesting that their price is pegged too high. Were any of these forces, or others yet to evolve, to overset the defences with which it is hedged about to-day, the diamond must lose its very name—the Greek *Adamas*; that means "invincible."



Viscount Cecil tried to save the world. Now we have the machinery to succeed; but something more is needed

WILL THE CHARTER KEEP THE PEACE?

by HANNEN SWAFFER

How the San Francisco Charter differs from the League of Nations Covenant — and the dangers that threaten

AFTER A WAR lasting well over five years, after the expenditure of incalculable treasure, after the loss of millions of lives—yes, and after the ruin, pillage and long enslavement of nearly all Europe—we are back to 1935.

Once again the nations are pledged to a League of Nations, which Baldwin, Simon and Hoare betrayed almost directly after the last election. Once again we base our hopes on a policy of Collective Security, a breach of which brought about the war.

Once again we have the means of averting conflict and bringing in an era of permanent peace. The machinery, after months of toil and weeks of compromise, has been set up in San Francisco.

But—how long will the vested interests that bring about war be held in check, how long will power politics be subordinated to a common purpose, and how long will the nations remain united by a common hope and a common fear?

Threats Allowed

Do you understand the difference between the Covenant of the League of Nations and the United Nations Charter—the difference between Versailles and San Francisco?

In both, statesmen wrote a preamble stating the purpose of peace and international co-operation. Both are based upon renunciation of the right of war, peaceful settlement of disputes, economic co-operation.

The Covenant renounced war except in cases where the non-interested States of the League Council did not agree. The Charter says, "All members shall refrain in their international relations from the threat or use of force." The "Veto," however, leaves untrammelled use of threat or coercion in the power of the Big Five.

The League Council settled disputes by unanimous vote, saving the votes of any interested States, which thus, whether great or small, submitted to third-party judgment.

The Charter gives a veto to any of the Big Five—Britain, China, France, the U.S.A., and the Soviets. Disputes may be discussed at the Council, but no action can be decided, and no force used to prevent war, without the consent of all the five, and any two others.

This was a Russian condition, acquiesced in by Britain and U.S.A. at Yalta. It was opposed at San Francisco by all the lesser States, led by Australia.

This puts the Great Powers above the law they will administer to others, and prevents measures to stop Great Power aggression, except by the Axis Powers. In this respect, and others, the Charter is inferior to the Covenant.

The Council, called the Security Council, is to have at its call, under the advice of a permanent General Staff, contingents of the armed forces of the members, especially of those of the Council States. It may impose diplomatic and military pressure.

The League Council could advise military sanctions, and all the League States promised to cut off trade with any aggressor. The power of the Security Council is much more immediate. The staff can organise it beforehand. But it cannot be used against the Big Five, or any State protected by one of the Five.

Less Power

The Charter Assembly may discuss but not decide disputes—only "recommend" decisions of the Council.

In this respect, the Assembly has far less power than the League Assembly. Such appeals to world opinion as those once made by Spain, Ethiopia and China, when it was clear the Great Powers were stifling their cases, would be barred.

The League Assembly used to vote policy decisions by unanimity, with abstentions not counted. The United Nations votes by a two-thirds majority. Only once in its history, on a minor vote, was the League Assembly stopped by a contrary vote.

The members agree to settle their disputes by various peaceful means, conciliation, arbitration and settlement.

The measures which the Security Council may take in order to secure a compliance with settlement of disputes are much more fully elaborated than those of the League Covenant, but are in practice those used by the League.

They include armed force. The members are to hold portions of their forces available for the use of the Council, and to arrange for the passage of troops. This is much more effective for the coercion than the League arrangements, either for use against a small aggressor or some such Power as an Axis State. The Big Five, and any aggressor sheltered by any one of them, are immune behind the veto.

Big Step Forward

The Economic Council, which existed in the last stage of the League but never got into working order, is given a foremost place in the Charter. The emphasis placed on economics marks an evolution since 1919.

The League mandates system is enlarged by mandates for ex-enemy colonies, which are to report to a trusteeship council. Strategic colonies, however, are to be the affair of the Security Council. This is a compromise with U.S.A., which wanted Japan's islands in the Pacific.

The welfare of the peoples of these colonies will therefore be subordinated to military considerations. Other non-self-governing colonies may be voluntarily included in the trusteeship system.

A startling omission in the Charter is the League's provision for publicity. This, if it is intentional, will destroy the whole system, for the whole influence of the League rested upon its power of appeal to world opinion. It seems impossible, however, that the Assembly should not be public.

But Russia hates publicity, and the proceedings of San Francisco were mainly, and damagingly, secret. Few of its documents are available to the public.

Well, that is the difference between 1919 and 1945.

But, frankly, the success of San Francisco depends upon that continued good will which disappeared when the test came—when Japan started her invasion of Manchukuo.

Then, soon after Baldwin had obtained a majority in the last election by promising full support of the League of Nations, Simon backed Japan and betrayed China. And so we were on the slippery slope that led to world war.

Beware the Plotters!

Viscount Cecil, the greatest of all the Cecils, went on working assiduously, and with high courage, to save the League, arguing, speaking on public platforms, pleading, writing. But Britain's evil association with what soon became an Axis continued. Cecil's chivalrous attempt to save the world—one backed by the Labour Party, the Churches, many Liberals, and all the intelligence and idealism in the community—ended in failure.

You remember the rest—Britain's betrayal of Abyssinia, Spain and Czechoslovakia, and our appeasement of Mussolini, Franco and Hitler. We drifted into a world war that we could have stopped.

This time, both Russia and the U.S.A. are joined with the other nations in council and in agreement.

But—how long will the craving for peace beat the plots of evil men?

Already, many of our Tories talk of an inevitable war with Russia.

Russia, after all her years of isolation, is suspicious of Britain. America, because of Big Business, is fearful of the spread of Soviet ideas.

Europe is going Left. So far, Britain's policy has supported Right Wing elements—in Greece, for instance, and in Italy.

To my mind the United Nations notwithstanding, the world situation is far more perilous than it was in 1919. Machinery, in the modern age, is necessary. But, unless it is intelligently directed, it is useless where it is not dangerous.

We have made the machinery which can avert war! But have the nations the will to use it?

THESE MEN

Industrial depressions affect everyone. The employer who promotes false scares to keep up profits is cutting his own throat while creating widespread misery for the people

WANT UNEMPLOYMENT

by VINCENT BROME

PATRICIA WAS BARELY 5 ft. tall, but she had a sparkling personality which more than compensated for her lack of inches. Certainly the day she went along to the north of England factory she was in sparkling mood, and yet there was no mistaking her underlying seriousness. She was serious because she knew she must get work, and she sparkled because she knew there were jobs going.

In the end something happened which struck at the very roots of her self-confidence. They turned her down.

It was weeks before she understood why. Her father discovered the sinister truth from a friend of his in the factory. The owner of this factory *believed in unemployment.*

His die-hard, reactionary mind worked this way: Whenever things were going too well and men and women were sure of a job, they became undisciplined and demanded higher wages. Therefore, it was vital to keep a floating balance of unemployed, and, if that balance were threatened at any time he, for one, was perfectly willing to build it up by turning away the Patricias when actually he had a job waiting for them to fill.

Economic Contradictions

In everyday life, if a baker refused to sell bread to starving people for the same reason he would be liable to lose his right to bake bread at all. But the employer can never lose his right to employ because he refuses to sell employment—even if he has a whole shop windowful.

In a first-rate book, *There's Work for All*, by Michael Young, Research Secretary of the Labour Party, and Dr. Theodor Prager, Research Staff of Political and Economic Planning (Nicholson and Watson, 5s.), the co-authors bring to light some astounding contradictions in the economic set-up. Some of them bear all the marks of deliberate sabotage, some of them are attempts to damn up the tides of progress, and some of them just sheer, blind, ignorance.

The Labour Government of 1931 was defeated because the budget deficit of £120,000,000 was believed to herald the "shipwreck of the State on the hard rock of Finance." The analogy was as old and hackneyed as the economic thinking was out of date.

Creating Slumps for Profit

The 1943-44 Budget showed a deficit of £2,850,000,000 and, according to all the diehards of 1931, the world's faith in our credit should have crashed about our ears and brought the country down in bankruptcy.

Instead, there was full employment, a high standard of living and no sign of anyone mistrusting the Royal Mint.

That was straightforward ignorance. To-day we know that a country can still prosper and have full employment on an unbalanced Budget.

But when you enter the world of investment, the paradoxes change their colour. Here is a man who withholds his capital from new development schemes, not because he thinks them unsafe, but because he wants to wait until a new Government, which does not meddle with controls and prices, gets into power. The fact that he is deliberately creating unemployment doesn't bother him. He is quite willing to sabotage any Government which wants to limit his profits to reasonable levels.

But there is an added tragedy. By sabotaging industry he sabotages himself. In the long run, a recurring series of slumps will bring him down, too, unless he is exceptionally wealthy. Yet he would rather go half-way towards an unspectacular suicide than collaborate with a progressive Government.

Of course, this man is not characteristic of the whole investment world. But nor is he, by any means, a rarity. He constitutes a powerful force in British investment circles, and he must be dealt with. The overall plan of the authors of this book brings him completely into line.

Controls to Provide Jobs

They propose to widen the field of public investment to include coal, gas, electricity and transport, at the same time as they bring private investment under close review.

That is the first of their five main points for curing unemployment.

Here are the others: (2) Our wages or purchasing powers must be maintained at a reasonably high level; (3) this purchasing power must largely be used in spending when goods are plentiful again; (4) wide extremes of income must be brought closer together; (5) prices and the bank-rate must be controlled.

We are not so much concerned with the excellent plan for curing unemployment which is outlined so lucidly in this book, as with the sinister possibilities of sabotage implied all the way down the line.

Patricia found that her would-be employer believed in unemployment. Certain private investors refuse to support a Government with progressive employment plans. Those are concrete forms of sabotage. There are also more subtle forms.

The art of starting scares has been brought to a high pitch of perfection by people who want to stop unemployment plans getting a fair chance. For instance, they say that all this spending to cure unemployment will destroy the nation's financial foundations, and, in the process, render the small man's savings worthless.

In fact, representatives of the type of Government these very people believe in did just that after the last war. They lifted controls, prices rocketed, and the small man's savings were able to buy only half what they normally bought.

They say, again, that the controls necessary for full employment will destroy individual liberty. But once more they themselves started the very thing of which they now complain.

They started cartel controls, and pricering controls, with the deliberate purpose of keeping prices high. These were controls to guarantee the profits of the few. The controls asked for in this book are to guarantee work for everyone—controls to give us the liberty of earning our livings.

Perhaps the most sinister feature of all these scares is the attempt to saddle progressive Governments with the reactionary's own worst crimes. It was true of the small man's savings. It was true of controls.

It is true again with private enterprise. They say the unemployment plans will destroy private enterprise. What private enterprise did the ordinary individual have under their régime?

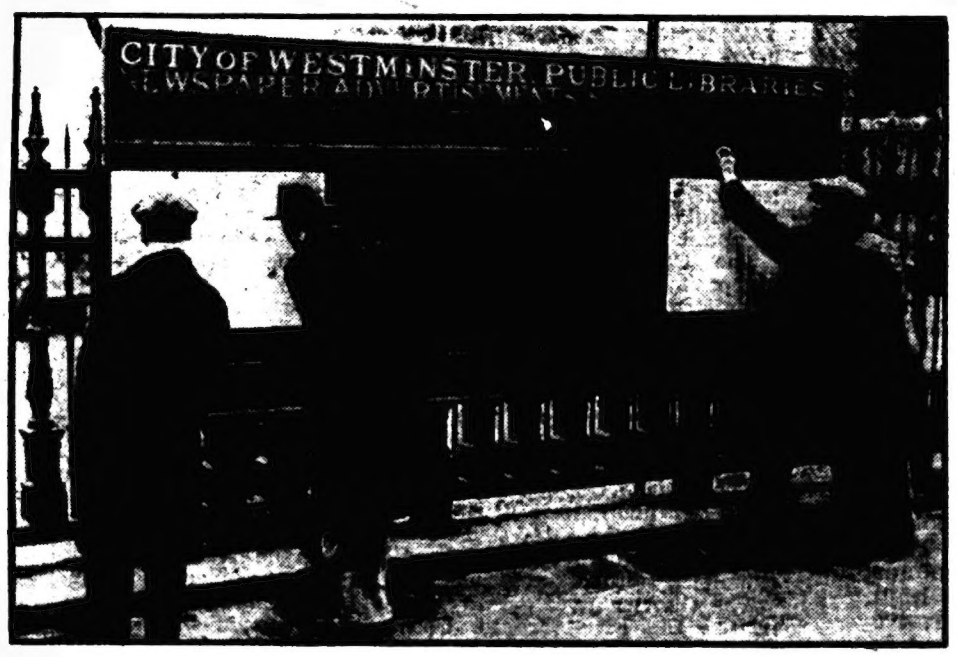
He could not go into the milk trade because there was a big combine waiting to swallow him. He could not go into the match trade, the gramophone record trade, the chemical or electric light bulb trade, because these preserves were jealously guarded by rings and cartels.

Very Private Enterprise

No, this private enterprise they talk about was private enterprise for about 5 per cent. of the people.

To get full employment in this country we shall have to use the private enterprise of everyone. Without it, all the authors' and the Beveridge plans are doomed.

This book should be read by anyone who wants to understand the forces which create unemployment and how they can be controlled. It is simply written, easily understood and enlivened by coloured charts and photographs which stimulate interest if the text threatens to become dull.



This was a familiar scene in the hungry thirties—unemployed looking at "Wanted" advertisements in the newspapers. Day after day they haunted public libraries, month after month they drew nothing but the "dole"

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Letter from the Seaside

DEAR MUM,—Well, we have arrived at Mudville-on-Sea safely, but only just. Joe and me and Auntie and the two kids got to the station at 6.30 a.m. to catch the 9 o'clock, but some other people had thought of it first, they must have been there all night, and in the end we caught the 3.15.

There were fourteen standing in our carriage, including us, and a land girl had her arms round Joe's neck, but not vice versa after I gave him such a look. Then Auntie fainted, but a soldier held her up and a sailor held up the soldier.

Well, mum, we arrived at "Seaview," which overlooked the gasworks, and found that the rooms we booked a month ago had doubled in price since then and there were some more people ready to take them if we didn't. Joe had an up-and-downer with the landlady, the old cat, and refused to pay, and I don't blame him. Fifteen guineas for two rooms, and wanting a good clean!

Joe said the house was unfit for human habitation and she said she'd been blasted. Joe said he knew that, the whole thing was a blasted swindle, and auntie said at least she might have cleaned up the debris after all this time. The landlady said she'd go to the police and Joe said he'd go to the sanitary inspector, so we left.

WE TRAIPSED ALL OVER the place and couldn't find anywhere to lay our heads so we slept on the sands that night. Auntie moaned a lot and Joe told her she wasn't the only pebble on the beach. She wasn't neither, I was lying on a lot.

The kids dug a pit with one of Auntie's shoes and pretended they were in a foxhole in Burma, so they enjoyed it, but Joe said he reckoned we'd got the wrong train and landed in that place called Sandy, Beds.

The next day we got up early because the tide came in, and walked about all day looking for a place and didn't get fixed up till afternoon. It is a long way out and she charges seven guineas a week, which is daylight robbery, because we are all in one room.

She won't give us any meals in, but she offered to buy our week's rations from us. Cheek, I call it. So we get up at 6.30 and queue at a café for breakfast about 8, they are sold out later.

About 10.30 we have to start queueing at a café again if we want to eat middle-day, and then in the afternoon we queue for ice-cream until it is time to queue for tea.

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON Joe wouldn't queue and went to sleep on the sands, and when the kids saw him they stuck a notice just by him saying, DANGER—MINEFIELD. He saw it when he woke up and we couldn't get him to move a foot for hours and we were late for the queue so we didn't get any tea.

Well, mum, I must stop. As this leaves me, Auntie has stayed in bed all day to get away from it all, Joe has pinched one of the landlady's glasses and gone to queue for a drink at a pub which is open from 2 to 2.30, and the kids are out queueing for a bathe.

I am going to bed like Auntie, and if we don't get any tea I've got a tin of sardines Joe can open with his knife and we can eat them with tooth-brush handles. See you on Saturday and can you come in and give a hand for a few days because I shall be worn right out after this week?—Love to all, VIOLET.

THEY'RE SHIPPING OUR HOUSES AWAY

The Army makes its own decisions. Inciting women to raid men's wardrobes. Girls put character before appearance. Twelve farms turned down volunteers. Basic spelling

Free Speech

IT MAKES ME WILD when my mates and I make trip after trip to a French port carrying sections of temporary houses. Not only that. This type of cargo needs a certain amount of "padding" and bales of artificial silk stockings are used for the purpose. Meanwhile, my sister is without a house and my womenfolk are all stockingless. - Able Seaman S. A. (Full name and address supplied).

A Hanging Affair

THE HOUSEWIFE'S Monday morning cry is: "Oh, for some decent clothes-pegs!" Not the sort that split when you look at them, or the ones that cost 1s. 6d.

"Oh, for some decent clothes-pegs!"

a dozen and blow off the line, but the little spring pegs. Can't we have them again—and at a reasonably controlled price?—K. T., Newport, Mon.

Army's Last Word

WHEN HE WAS MEDICALLY examined for the Forces my husband was graded B1. During his four and a half years' service he has been continually treated by different medical officers. Recently he spent three weeks in hospital, where he was thoroughly examined by a specialist.

The report said: "In my opinion his trouble (suspicion of colitis) is due to the nervous system, and I therefore recommend him to be taken off lorry driving and given a light job."

My husband is now on his way to the Middle East as a lorry driver with the R.A.S.C.—MRS. WESTON, 71, Hopefield Road, Leicester.

Comfortable Sensation

DURING THE RECENT heat-wave I cycled down the local High Street wearing a cricket shirt, white shorts, no socks, and sandals. I got cat-calls and whistles.

Personally, I felt sorry for the men sweltering in their thick suits and tight collars. Why are men so conservative about wearing open-necked shirts and shedding their trousers for shorts?—H. J. TEMPLER, 116, Brocks Drive, North Cheam, Surrey.

Wallet Trick?

WHILE WALKING in Princes Street, Edinburgh, recently I was stopped by a man who came up behind me and said, "Excuse me, but have you dropped your wallet? I saw someone pick one up a little way back." I felt in my hip pocket, told him that it was not mine and thanked him for asking.

A short time afterwards, while I was waiting in a cinema queue, someone tried to pinch my wallet. He didn't succeed, but as he disappeared quickly in the crowd I felt sure it was the same man who had spoken to me earlier. Is this a dodge to find out in which pocket one carries one's wallet?—"NOREMAC," Northfield, Edinburgh.

Red Cabbage

WHEN I MARRIED my husband thirty years ago he was a healthy-minded, normal man. Now he has become a health crank. He attends a lot of lectures and, as a result, practises all manner of fantastic habits.

He eats raw carrots and wears socks with separate places for each toe. He has given away all his hats and caps. His latest fad makes me see red. He drinks two pints of cabbage water every day. I hate cabbage in any form, but what can I do?—Mrs. C. M., S.W.2.

Hungry Guardsman

THIS IS WHAT my husband has written to me from Valdtha, Germany: "You seemed to have had some lovely food on your holiday and it quite made my mouth water when you described tea. I had just finished 'mine—two slices of bread, cheese and jam. What do you think of that for a Sunday tea?"

What can anyone think of it as a meal for a Guardsman whose next meal is breakfast? My husband is 6 ft. tall and used to weigh 13 stone. It is worrying me terribly to think I can do nothing for him.—JOYCE WHEAT, 38, Leamington Street, Leicester.

One-Way Traffic

ALTHOUGH WAR-TIME "Mend and Make Do" suggestions have been excellent, I view the general scheme with alarm. Most of the ideas have been nothing more nor less than an incitement to women to filch garments belonging to their husbands. Grey flannels make a neat skirt. A man's pyjama jacket can be turned into an attractive blouse, and so on.

As soon as the Home Guard was disbanded I read somewhere that an old khaki battledress top would make a smart jacket. What about a few bright ideas on how to turn female attire into men's clothes?—G. COBB, 21, Portland Street, S.E.17.

Beside the Seaside

YOU DID RIGHT to give publicity to the racket in holiday accommodation (JOHN BULL, July 7). Seaside resorts want to attract visitors, and it would be well worth their while to form a special department to deal with the problem before next summer. A register of hotels, boarding-houses and rooms should be compiled. These should be inspected, and a list of recommended accommodation, with charges, should be available to all inquirers.—R. T. H., West Hampstead, N.W.3.

Attention, ex-Trooper

MAY I REPLY to ex-Trooper of the Royal Tank Regiment who wrote a letter about girls who take too much notice of a man's looks (JOHN BULL, June 23). Lots of girls like me are more interested in the mind, character and loyalty of a man.

Any disfigurement—and, above all, one caused by service to the country—would be entirely forgotten after the first meeting. The face of a friend who is kind and faithful is a far more welcome sight to me than that of a man who has shown himself to be insincere or selfish. I would like the soldier who wrote to you to know there are many girls who think as I do.—Miss P. W., Luton, Bedfordshire.

(There certainly are many girls who share this reader's view. Dozens of them have written to us to say so.—EDITOR.)

Rudeness on the Route

I recently read in the papers of a bus conductress who was fined for rudeness to a passenger. I have been working on the buses for some time, and I sympathise with her. I have been grossly insulted and called foul names

"They think this gives them a right to be rude"

by passengers. Many of us come from good homes and have been directed into this work. Some passengers are fond of telling us that we are public servants—they seem to think this gives them a right to be rude to us and they feel safe because we are not supposed to answer back. Don't print my name.—CONDUCTRESS, W.9.

Hopeful Gardener

TIME WAS WHEN I listened with growing impatience to the farmers' eternal grumbles about the weather. Now, as an "allotmenteer" I understand perfectly the feeling of impotence and frustration when all your efforts are de-

"This cause of vexation"

stroyed by one frosty night, or one windy spell.

You vow and declare to finish with this gamble and cause of vexation. But, behold, next Spring your hopes go soaring, and with enthusiasm undimmed you start again. The puzzle is: Why this annually recurring optimism which is never subsequently justified? It seems as if we'll never learn!—BERNARD LOWE, 24, Whernside Road, Lancaster.

Personal Moans

MANY LETTERS TO newspapers are personal moans. But when the moaner's particular trouble is straightened out, it is a thousand chances to one that he will immediately lose interest in public affairs again and go back to paddling his own canoe.

That's not good enough. Grousing and selfishness will not build a better Britain. It would be interesting to know what percentage of moaners and grumblers have actively interested themselves in public affairs before something unfortunate happened to them and continued after things were right again.—D. E. GREENE, 124, Edgeley Road, Clapham, S.W.4.

Pub Sign

IN THE NEW FOREST area I came across a public-house called "The Churchill Arms," kept by a man named John Bull. I don't know whether JOHN BULL wants to go on keeping Mr. Churchill.—Pte. H. BERRY, 63, Portland Road, Abovetuam, Nottingham.

Unwanted Land Volunteers

I WONDER IF THE country really needs labour on the farms. With a few friends, I went to no less than a dozen farms to volunteer for spare-time work. Not one wanted us. The best we got was, "Come again in a couple of months."—BRENDA DAVIDSON, 28, Mostyn Avenue, Allerton, Liverpool 9.

Down on the Farm

THE WORST KEPT machinery of any industry is that of agriculture. Walk into any farmyard, or look at the fields, and you'll see some implement or machine lying about, rusting and neglected. What would happen if factories were as careless?—JOHN CRICHTON, 12, Hepburn Street, Dundee, Angus.

Wt Do U Thnk, Chms?

AS PAPR IS so valble y nt adpt sm systm f abbrviatng wrds, and thus b abl 2 print mor readng mattr in each issu? Leavng out sm vwls and havng symbls fr frquently used wrds wld ensur big svng in spac and adqute vlu for mony.—J. CARLESS, 31, Graig Park Hill, Newport, Monmouthshire.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

JOHN BULL Short Story

DOUBLE BARGAIN

Amos Varricluff was known locally as a skinflint—but there he was at the Greenbarrow Farm auction, bidding with wild extravagance for a hideous old vase. What secret did the Victorian pottery hide?

by DAVID ADAM

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW

"FOURTEEN-TEN. . . . Mr. Varricluff's bid, I think. . . . Fourteen-ten. . . . Fifteen pounds!"

The auctioneer gently massaged his double chin with the handle of his gavel. This was getting beyond him, entirely. Fifteen pounds bid for an ugly old pot that was hardly worth fifteen shillings.

Not that Mr. Stemrick was an expert in ceramics; but he *did* happen to know that this three-foot monstrosity, this bulbous, misproportioned, livid blue-and-red piece of Victorian bad taste was not more than fifty years old, and the product of a local pottery, happily long since bankrupt.

Yet here were two men bidding for it in ten-shilling bounds. . . The one, Amos Varricluff, as if his life depended on it, his mean old eyes glinting behind steel-rimmed pebble lenses, his pallid brow sweat-dewed and rutted into an intense frown. . . .

The other, Tom Barnaball, quietly but relentlessly, with more of a twinkle in his eye than the glint of avarice, for ever glancing shrewdly across at his rival, as if reading the gauge of the old man's resolve.

"Fifteen-ten . . . Mr. Varricluff again, . . . now, Tom, the bidding's yours."

There was hardly any need for his patter, Stemrick reflected; the bids came as steady as the beat of the grandfather clock at his elbow. . . . Tick . . . tock . . . Barnaball . . Varricluff. . . . And this was only Lot 1. If it went on like this they'd be here all night.

YET THE AUCTIONEER'S kindly heart warmed a little with each bid, for this was a sad sale, and when the final cheque was made out in favour of little Mrs. Stevenson every shilling would count.

An old story, it was, and all too familiar to Stemrick. Emmie Stevenson, widowed ten years, had struggled with her smallholding gamely enough, and even fairly comfortably, while her two sons were there to help her; but Eric was in Burma. Sam had not been heard of since Alamein, and without their four stout arms Emmie had drifted into insolvency, stoutly spurning help that savoured of charity, selling a bit of furniture here, a bit of land there, a heifer or two. . .

AND NOW IT had come to this: the greater part of what was left of the effects of Greenbarrow Farm was under the hammer—the sweet white linen and rich black oak, the burnished brass and glowing copper; good, solid, well-tended stuff that had known the touch of generations of Stevensons. Emmie was retreating to one room and a few dear possessions that she could never bear to part with.

"Fifty pounds!"

The bid broke into Stemrick's thoughts like the crack of a whip. It was old Varricluff, his voice hard and shrill and bitter. Obviously by the way he glared across at Barnaball, he intended it as a knock-out.

Tom Barnaball thoughtfully tweaked the lobe of his left ear, paused, grunted, and said: "Seventy-five!"

This was really crazy. Had both bidders been of the calibre of Tom Barnaball the plot would have been obvious—a good-hearted if heavy-handed conspiracy to save Emmie's feelings as well as her furniture. But Amos Varricluff was a congenital skinflint, with a county-wide reputation for hard bargains and no nonsense.

THE BIDDING became reckless now; Tom calling cheerfully, like a feckless gambler; Amos as though it hurt him, but with never a moment's hesitation. The little crowd in the big kitchen at Greenbarrow sat back and watched, enjoying the two-man tussle.

A hundred pounds was reached—converted into guineas—doubled. . . . The auctioneer's gaze wandered to the great ugly vase; was it possible that he had been mistaken—that this was, after all, a priceless bit of Ming? Perish the thought! It was as English and as ugly as the chapel down the road.

Two-fifty. . . Three hundred pounds. . . . Guineas. . . . Ah, well, it was their business—and both bidders could afford to indulge their fancy.

At four hundred the bidding slowed down, moving upwards in twenty-fives, and Tom's eye seldom left old Amos' face. Stemrick's instinct as an auctioneer told him that Tom was only playing a forcing game.

And so it was. . . . At five hundred pounds, bid by Varricluff, Tom smiled broadly, picked his hat off the sideboard, and walked out.

Amos followed his departure with a suspicious eye, then swung round and pushed his way through the crowd to the auctioneer's rostrum.

"I'll be payin' you now," he said, sourly. "I'm not ower-interested in the rest o' the stuff."

With a hand that shook he signed a crabbed "Amos B. Varricluff" to his cheque, heaved the great vase on to his shoulder, and strode out of the kitchen door.

IN THE FLAGGED YARD he paused, set the vase down with a crack that would have shattered real china, and turned to the doorway again. His face was twisted into a grin that was sheer malice.

"Stop guessing and think!"

Obviously, by the way he glared across at Barnaball, he intended it as a knock-out

"You'll all be thinkin' I'm daft," he shouted. "Ef'n you'll coom out 'ere minute I'll show you I still knaws a bargain when I sees one!"

Then, picking up a shovel which leaned against the barn wall, the old man swung it viciously at the vase. The top half disintegrated. A dozen clumsy fragments slithered noisily over the flagstones, and Amos swung back the shovel for another swipe.

By now most of the onlookers were convinced . . . Amos was mad. Else would a man throw away five hundred pounds for a few seconds' orgy of destruction? But now the old boy was picking up the jagged base of the broken vase; was prodding away at the pink plaster-of-paris with an enormous jack-knife.

At last a dark-grey object, shining where Amos' over-anxious blade had scratched its surface, came to light.

They said afterwards that the look on the old man's face was terrible. As the last flakes of the plaster came away, and there fell at his feet a clumsy chunk of lead.

For a long moment there was silence. Then roaring oaths shook the sparrows from the thatched eaves and caused a wild scutter among Emmie's few remaining hens.

"Lead! !" shouted Amos, his voice cracking with high passion. "*Lead!* You dirty, cheatin' rogues. . . . I'll yer *lead!*"

Picking up the heavy metal, he swung his arm like a demented discus-thrower and let fly. . . .

Missing the auctioneer by a few inch, the lead flew straight through the open doorway into the kitchen. There was a jangling crash; the old grandfather clock spun slowly for a second, then, stiff-backed as a fairish Guardsman, fell on its face.

A LITTLE LATER, the auctioneer pushed open the side-parlour door at the Lame Dog. Seeing Tom Barnaball regarding him steadily over the edge of a tilted tankard, Mr. Stemrick sat heavily beside him.

"Well, Tom?"

"Thought I heard a bit o' shouting from Greenbarrow."

"You did," said Mr. Stemrick. "I did."

"Reckon old Amos was annoyed about something?"

He was, Tom, he surely was," said auctioneer with a chuckle.

And you closed the sale?"

I did, my all-seeing friend . . . after had a word with Mrs. Stevenson. t five hundred pounds, out of the e. 'll tide her over till young Eric gets k home."

here was a pause, as both men lifted ir tankards.

Reckon you'll be doin' some nkin'," said Tom Barnaball at length

Happen I am."

om peered into his pot.

Maybe you heard tell o' Fred Steven- 's stocking?" he asked.

Maybe I did."

A good chap, Fred," said Tom. "A eful man and a good farmer. Worth least a couple of thousand. But when died, sudden like, all they found s no more than a bit o' spending ney about the house. No trace of a cking, and nothing in the bank bar farm deeds. Queer, eh?

O WHEN EMMIE started sellin' off bits of furniture, quiet like, we got to king over what'd happened to old ed's money? In this very room it s, an' Old Amos, drinkin' by himself r in that corner, pricked his ears up. . He'd been buying most of Emmie's s and pieces, at pretty sharp prices, d we knew he was set on gettin' old ed's mahogany desk, only Emmie uldn't part.

When he'd gone, one or two of us t to scheming a bit of a plan to fix nos, and p'raps help Emmie a bit as ll. We had to persuade her to let nos have the desk, at his own impin' price—but to leave one o' the le drawers locked an' swear the key d been lost ever since Fred died.

What we put in the drawer, unbe- ows to her, before she locked it, was neat a bit o' forgery as you'd wish to . . . . Young Barklett from the bank it, tho' he wouldn't want his manager know he was so handy with a pen. an old yellowy bit o' paper it was, d written with watered ink to make look faded.

It started 'Dear Emmie,' in writin' spit of old Fred's scrawl, and koned to tell her that Fred had hid savings at the bottom of that re old flower pot—bank-notes an' vereigns, addin' up to over two thou- nd pounds—on account of dodgin' the ath duties and such. He never was an sy tax-payer, was Fred.

E KNEW OLD Amos 'd fall for that locked drawer—and sure enough he re round at the farm in no time, rritin' at Mrs. Stevenson to sell him e pot.

But we'd been there first and told r on no account to part with it. Not the auction, we said. She knew us ll enough to trust us, and we put a mp o' lead in the vase for good easure—in case old Amos looked too se.

And that, along with what you saw day, is the whole story."

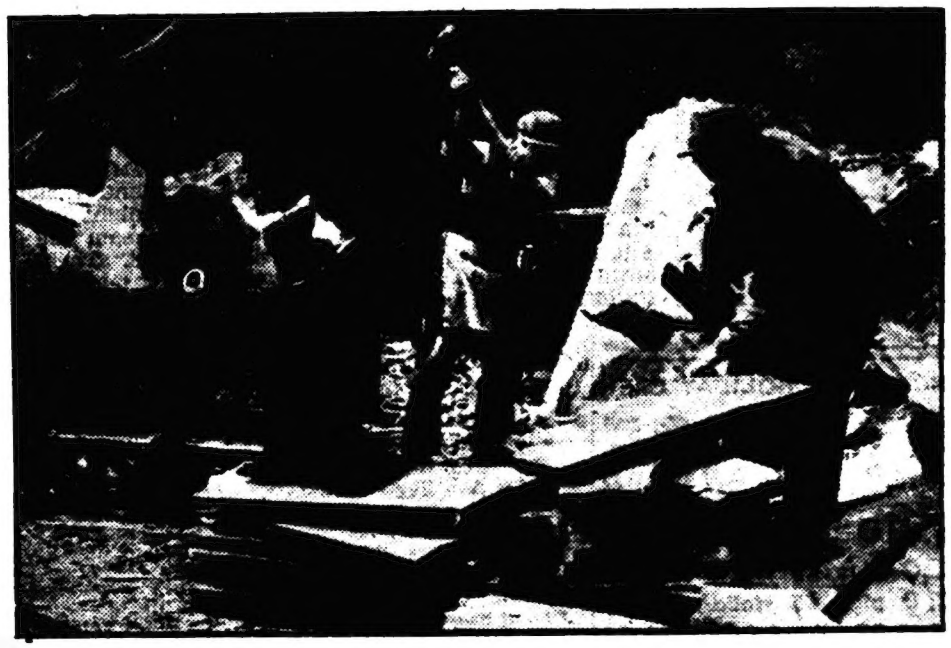
Not quite," said the auctioneer, erging from his tankard. "I can tell u the next bit. . . . After you'd gone, Amos took a crack at us with your mp of lead. Fair raving, he was. ssed me, but hit old Fred's grand- her-clock—the one he used to keep gun in. Split it from top to bottom, did. And when I was clearing up the ss I found a tin box, nailed in the e of it, and packed down hard with tes, neat as a banker's till. I left s. Stevenson counting—made me rstv to watch her. She'd got up to hteen hundred when I left."

Tom Barnaball prodded the bell-push th a broad forefinger.

Reckon that calls for another pint," said.

NEW VALLEY OF DESPAIR

Never again! So we vow when we remember the desolation of the pre-war Distressed Areas. But it is already happening again. This report by WM. J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner, describes ruin in a Welsh valley and outlines vigorous countermeasures



Workers in a North Wales quarry remove blocks of slate to be taken away for splitting to the ordinary roofing-slate thickness. The slate quarries of the Nantlle valley once employed thousands—now no more than 450 are at work there

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has made a sound move. He recently announced that small and medium-sized businesses which want to expand can be allowed to raise £50,000 by capital issue in any year without seeking special permission.

During the war, applicants have had to prove that large demands for new money were essential to the war effort. This is no longer necessary, and the Chancellor's decision augurs well for small businessmen who need ready money for expansion purposes.

But the Chancellor—or his successor in the new Government—will have to produce a much wider programme in the near future if he wants to avoid a series of tragic industrial scandals of a type that became numerous after the last war.

We remember only too vividly the tragedy of the many "Distressed Areas" in different parts of Britain, where unemployment, hunger, despair—and premature deaths—ruled for so long.

Shadow of Ruin

A tour which I recently made in North Wales gave me a grim forecast of disaster to come unless the Government steps in to revive decaying industries with big monetary grants. Over the glorious beauty of a score of mountain villages in Snowdonia already lies the shadow of ruin.

Many of the places which I visited are in the Nantlle Valley, Caernarvonshire. It was once one of the most flourishing industrial areas in Wales.

Thousands of men worked in the slate quarries there—the only big industry ever developed in the 200 square miles involved. To-day there is work for only a few hundred. With Servicemen coming back from the war the employment situation will grow steadily blacker.

Local councillors, industrial experts, magistrates, and clerks to various Boards of Guardians have been meeting constantly to try to solve the problems of this "Valley of Despair." I discussed the matter with several of them.

Slump!

It was in Nantlle Valley that some of the finest roofing slates in the world were produced. At one time the quarries there supported a population of over 10,000, the shops were full, and the various literary societies and Eisteddfodau flourished.

Depression came after the last war, but the situation improved considerably as the inter-war years wore on. Then came a slump and from 1931 to 1939 between 22 and 40 per cent. of the quarrymen were on the dole. To-day no more than 450 men are employed at the quarries.

As the years passed matters went from bad to worse.

Then, in 1940, when the Government announced its decision to build no more houses during the war, the slate industry in North Wales (and in some parts of South Wales, too) suffered to the point of almost complete bankruptcy.

At Bethesda, for example, two hundred men received notice in one day. Many of the older men thrown on the labour market have been living precariously ever since. War work in other parts of Britain has so far filled the gap temporarily, but now that factories are closing down the people of Nantlle Valley have reason for fresh anxiety.

The valley shows a scene of great desolation. Ugly and useless stacks of slate rubble have made hideous what could very well have been one of the most beautiful valleys in Wales.

Some of the deepest slate quarry pits—including the Gloddfa Lôn, which is so deep that men working at the bottom experienced the curious optical phenomenon of being able to see stars in broad daylight—are flooded. Stagnant waters pollute the air. Parents of small children dread their young ones playing near the disused pits.

Committee of Authorities

Welsh M.P.s, at consultations with some of the experts I have seen, have for months been urged to get something done to prevent wide unemployment from sweeping the districts concerned. A special committee of local authorities, assisted by economic experts, has drawn up an important memorandum on the position.

This has been submitted to the Board of Trade and is, I understand, to be studied when more pressing matters have been dealt with.

But we know how long Government "consideration" can sometimes extend—even over periods of years.

In Nantlle Valley speedy official action is a vital priority.

The Government has held the view that, so deep are some of the quarries, that it would cost more than the slate is worth to bring it to the surface.

If this is so, and no other industry is available there, alternative work must be found for the inhabitants. If the new Government does not solve the problem promptly, thousands of families will become workless and starving.

The possibilities of utilising slate dust have been discussed, but the ratepayers of Caernarvonshire cannot afford to finance the necessary preliminary research work by specialists.

There is forestry as a further suggestion. There is abundant scope for a new industry like this, as well as for the development of wood products. The manufacture of artificial fertilisers and agricultural implements open up new possibilities.

In America experts have set up many research committees in areas where similar problems have occurred. Similar steps could easily be taken by the Government in areas like the Nantlle Valley.

Transport Is There

There is an excellent railway service available, and better road transport conditions are possible. Sea transport could be made readily available to Liverpool and Glasgow.

In America new methods of producing aluminium from clay, and magnesium from natural minerals, have lately been devised. The fact that there is plenty of clay in Wales should give the next Government another hint as to what might be done at Nantlle and elsewhere.

If more ideas are wanted, why should not edible fish be bred in the waters of Nantlle?

Why not an agricultural programme for the district? Why not a vegetable freezing and canning industry? This part of Wales, instead of slowly developing into an abyss of poverty and despair, could also develop trade in fruit and special cheeses.

Workless Ex-Servicemen?

There is naturally great fear in Nantlle Valley that young men returning from military service will not find suitable work unless official measures are taken to revive the district.

"There will be nothing for us, unless the Government comes to our rescue," said one local expert I interviewed there "but to sit and look on while Ministry of Labour officials gradually depopulate the whole district by transferring our men to work, maybe, hundreds of miles away from their homes.

"This would be fatal."

I quite agree

That the next Government must introduce new industries in all possible "distressed areas" like Nantlle is an obvious duty. And in furtherance of this, all returned M.P.s, and all local authorities concerned with similar problems, should press upon the Board of Trade the grave lesson to be learned from the story of Nantlle Valley.

Why He Likes Fridays

IT was a Friday which brought this £250 winner his *Bullets* No. 1,481 Joy Wire. And on Friday, July 27, this L.N.E.R. worker, his wife and little son will be setting off for a celebration in London as *John Bull's* guests.

No wonder Fridays appeal to reader A. M. Casely, 13, Dunrobin Place, Edinburgh. And Friday, August 3, can bring *you* thrilling news provided you use your *Bullets* coupon below.

INCREASED HOLIDAY CASH

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER £365

£100 Cash First plus Seaside Week-end for Two
£20 plus £5 Holiday Bonus
£10 plus £5 Holiday Bonus
3 of £8, 3 of £6, 3 of £4
25 of £2, 200 of 2s. 6d.
1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated Aug. 4, with details of new £100 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

PROSPERITY'S PLUMS
TO LICK THE JAPS
PEACE CHARTER
SCRAP OF PAPER
IN AGREEMENT
THE GOVERNMENT
HAPPY DAYS
THEY PROMISED
WHEN TAXES COME DOWN
PUBLIC PROPERTY
HOT AND BOTHERED
TRIPE
NICE WORK
AT LOGGERHEADS
AMID THE DIN
WITH OPEN ARMS
FACING THE BOWLING
ENDED IT
ON THE WAY HOME
AUNTIE'S GOT A BIKE, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

MAN TO BE .....
FIT FOR A .....
ENCOURAGING .....
GOOD OLD .....
THE BEST .....
DREAMING OF .....

Result No. 1,483—First Prize £100 & Holiday Week-end

E. M. HARRIS, PENLLYN, MORFABYCHAN, PORTMADOC, N. WALES.

OLD, OLD STORY
ADAM AND EVE "HOMELESS."

£20 : R. J. Wood, 18, Cyprus Avenue, Johnstone, Renfrewshire.
After The Election—Din—"Dawn". Or "Done"?
£10 : A. H. Carstairs, 11, Onslow Gardens, London, N.4.
Fires Of Hatred—Get Under—Get Understanding!
10 of £6 :
G. H. Bruty, 13, The Brent, Dartford.
After The Election—"Chasm" Crossed, "Plank" Removed.
W. F. Crabtree, 3, Rivadale View, Ilkley.
After The Election—*Electors* "Given The Air"?
N. J. Fishlock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley.
Enough To Make—*Caterpillar* Laugh, Dad's Spraying!
T. Glover, Flat 2, 54, Eltham Road, Lee, S.E.12.
Having A Thin Time—Through "Ample Time *To-morrow*!"
F. E. Godfrey, Vale Cottage, Holcombe, Dawlish, Devon.
Playing With Grocer's—Cat—Getting Behind Counter!
T. Harman, 11, Robert Street, South Shields.
Guilty Of Neglecting—His Children—Didn't Vote.
A. Hutchison, 30, Myrtle St., Glasgow.
After The Election—Losers Glad, Remembering Promises?
W. J. Millar, 26, Larne Street, Ballymena, N. Ireland.
Family Of Nations—Auntie's—Manx, Persian, Siamese—
J. I. M. Rhodes, "Baruch," Bartlett Rd., Salisbury.
New House—New Car—Knew Somebody!
J. W. Thompson, 7, Bass Terrace, Thorne Road, Doncaster.
Must Live—So Parson Resigns "Living."

A list of 20 winners of £2 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CASH and PENS WON—XWORD 435

WINNING WORDS : 1. Hotel. 2. Storm. 3. Bulls. 4. Guy. 5. Plane. 6. Stars. 7. Lie. 8. Heavy. 9. Arts. 10. Win. 11. Rise. 12. Pig. 13. Steam. 14. Floor. **£50 SHARERS :** L.A.C. H. Pritchard, 13, The Drive, Gilfach, Bargoed ; J. L. Sherman, 16, Welhurst Court, Carshalton Road, Sutton ; R. J. Wood, 18, Cyprus Avenue, Johnstone, Renfrews.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 18 entrants. All winners and Runners-up receive Fountain Pens.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON : "BULLETS" No. 1,487, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
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BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

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2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon also.

P.O. Value .....
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CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JULY 23

For £100 "BULLETIN" (AUG. 4), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

write to JOHN BULL about it

TRACKING DOWN THE CAUSE OF NIGHTMARES

How a bachelor can entertain friends. Civilians can apply to become Civil Servants. The long road to play producing. House-hunting from abroad

"I AM IN THE R.A.F. in billets, and I suffer from horrible nightmares in which I shout or scream and sometimes get out of bed. Then I wake up with my heart bumping like a sledge-hammer and trembling all over. In some dreams I am falling in a bottomless pit or walking down a street with skyscrapers toppling down all round me. Such experiences leave me tired out the following day.

"I have seen doctors, both civilian and Service, about the trouble, but they usually say I have had the wrong sort of food at supper, or give me sleeping tablets which don't seem to help at all."

What you need is treatment, not from an ordinary doctor, but from a medical psychologist. It is useless trying to cure such troubles with physic and diet. They originate in your unconscious mind. To get to the source of the mischief one would have to know your personal history.

I believe there is probably some unpleasant memory dating from childhood, which you have "buried" or repressed and forgotten as far as your conscious mind goes. But it is there, deep down in your unconscious mind, and during sleep it erupts in the form of terror dreams. There are plenty of psychiatrists in the Forces. Ask your Welfare Office to arrange an interview with a man who has specialised in this kind of work.

"I AM A SINGLE man, well educated, fond of sports, and have a jolly disposition. I am in a good position, but I feel heavily the lack of companionship.

"I used to have plenty of friends, but now they seem to have drifted away, and I can't make new ones. If you can give me any practical advice, I shall be glad."

The bachelor is often at a disadvantage where friends are concerned. He can accept invitations to other homes, but it is difficult to return them, and so friends may, as you say, drift away.

I suggest that you join some organisation or club where you will meet interesting people of both sexes. There are dramatic societies, reading circles, discussion groups, rambling clubs, cycling clubs, and so forth. Join one of them and make a friend. This friend will introduce you to others, and you will soon find you know quite a circle. As you will have common interests, you can hold small gatherings where coffee is served and discussion is the main feature. Such entertaining is common to-day and very suitable for a bachelor to undertake.

"I UNDERSTAND THAT examinations for permanent posts in the Civil Service are being resumed, and although a proportion of them are being reserved for ex-Servicemen I believe civilians can sit for the remainder. Is this so?

"I hold the Higher School Certificate. I originally intended to be trained as a teacher, but that is impossible now as I am disabled by infantile paralysis. My age is twenty-two. Will you let me know where I can obtain information about the various

posts available in the administrative or clerical sections which would be suitable for me?"

You are right in thinking that there will be room in the Civil Service for civilians as well as Servicemen and women. There are at present vacancies for 50,000. You can get all information regarding examinations for the various departments from the Civil Service Commissioners, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1.

Men in administrative posts need to have a university education. The Higher School Certificate would probably get you a job in the executive branches. Clerical posts are easier to obtain than executive.

"I AM AT PRESENT attending a Higher Secondary School and am soon to leave. I am very interested in the theatrical world and should like to become a producer. What steps do I take on leaving school? Should I have to have training, or should I just start at the bottom and work up?"

Learning to act is only a small part of a producer's business. You will have to know all about stage management, lighting, carpentry, costume, music and make-up, as well as the tactful handling of men and women.

You will certainly have to start at the bottom and work your way up. You will also need to be trained. Nearly every modern producer of plays started his career as an actor, and this is an excellent way of learning stagecraft.

If you can live in London you could train at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, 62, Gower Street, W.C.1, or under the scheme organised by the Old Vic Company, 9, St. Martin's Court, W.C.2.

Experience with an amateur dramatic society might be useful, but if there is a repertory theatre in your town you may be able to get odd jobs under the assistant stage manager, which would be of great value.

X-WORD CASH RADIO PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Men don't generally like a boss who—SWEA□S. 2. Political speaker frightens off some supporters if he is—A□ID. 3. Digging up beds in garden, you'll find — WOR□. 4. Housewife likes to have one handy in kitchen—□AN. 5. Some wines are not so this as others are—HEA□Y. 6. Should be made for comfort as well as appearance—SUIT□. 7. Must often be rubbed up wrong way during sale—ST□FF. 8. You don't expect really great pianist to—STRU□. 9. There's small hope for student who does badly in such subject—□ET. 10. Should be visible in garden unless it's a pitch-black night—STE□. 11. A woman doesn't like to be considered this — D□LL. 12. Gives a man considerable control—BRID□E. 13. May tempt sharper to still further crimes — □UG. 15. Doesn't come to much harm even if caught in storm—LINE□.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Aug. 4, with FREE £100 PRIZE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, July 23.**

ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 438, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

XWord No. 435 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Houses for the Forces

C. Y., Wandsworth and others: Full guidance on how officers and men serving in the Forces overseas can apply to a local authority to be considered for a permanent or temporary house is contained in a leaflet which has been prepared by the Ministry of Health in consultation with the Service Departments and is being distributed by the Services.

Commanding officers have housing application-forms which should be completed and sent to the Clerk of the Council of the place where an applicant lived before joining up, or, if he has been offered employment elsewhere, of the place in which he will work.

The first priority must be that of need, but it is intended that serving and ex-Service men with families without separate homes shall have all possible consideration in the provision of housing, that their absence from home shall not prejudice their position on the waiting-lists and that special consideration shall be given to the families of those retained for service in distant theatres of war.

S. M., Portsmouth : The taxation of old age pensions imposes great hardship in cases such as yours. A wife who is young enough to go out to work can earn up to £90 a year without paying any income tax and without increasing her husband's liability. Yet, if she is too old to work, every penny of her old age pension is taxed in assessing her husband's income. It is high time that this and other taxation anomalies were brought to an end.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Why Not Be
HEALTHY & RADIANT

Clear skin, radiant health, youthful figure. Think how much more attractive you might be with the help of Bile Beans. Start with Bile Beans now—just a couple at bedtime—and see how much brighter you look; how fitter you will feel.

You can always rely on Bile Beans, which act gently in Nature's way. They tone up the system, cleanse the blood stream and daily eliminate impurities and food wastes. So to keep youthful and attractive.—

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BILE BEANS

Give your teeth a shine with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

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Be Cheery

"I don't worry about backache, I take Doan's."

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes sluggish—when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy, healthy self again.

"I wish I had taken Doan's Pills earlier," "Now I keep free from rheumatic pains and urinary disorders." "My back does not bother me," are typical of thousands of statements made by grateful users.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 *(inc. tax).* *Ask your Chemist for*

DOANS
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NOW!

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VE-DAY

Why not thank the men who made it possible by a **legacy or a postal gift to:**

EARL HAIG'S BRITISH LEGION APPEAL FUND RICHMOND, SURREY.

It will help *them* when they need *your* help *after* service

This space presented by

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Makers of 'Chinese' Figs & Silmes Lollies

He couldn't hold a knife...

Ex P.C. tells you how he keeps fit—after a "bad turn"

Says this ex-Policeman, F.R. ". . . Up till about 3 years ago I had never known what rheumatism was like. Then I had a bad turn . . . I could not walk from one room to another . . . I could not even hold a knife to eat my food. Then one day I met an old pal . . . he asked me if I had ever tried Fynnon Salt. I told him I hadn't . . . so I got a tin and took half a teaspoonful in a glass of warm water every morning before breakfast, and I must say after using a couple of tins I felt great improvement. How I wish I could go up to Hyde Park and stand on a tub and tell the folks what Fynnon has done for me. Although I am free from pain I intend to stick to half a teaspoonful each morning . . ."

(Signed) F.R.

Fynnon Salt

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GREAT DEAL OF GOOD
to a
GREAT MANY PEOPLE
who suffer from

RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica or Gout

Large size 1/6 *(includes Purchase Tax)*

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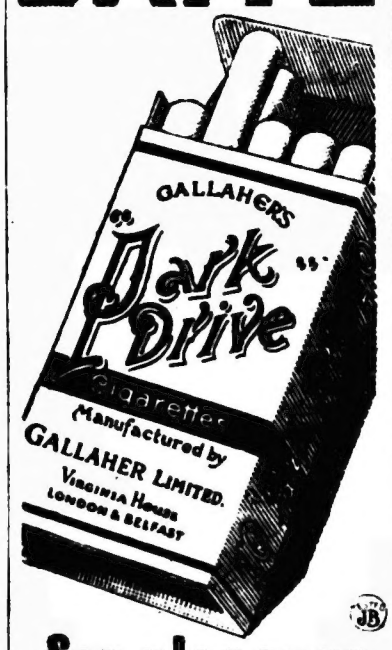

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Keep LION OINTMENT handy and apply at once. Cleanses quickly; heals safely. At your Chemists.

BURGESS' 1/3 & 3/-

LION OINTMENT

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Here is a medicine mothers have been using for years to stop those horrid summer colds getting a chance to develop. It's so popular now that practically every chemist keeps it made up and ready for use.

It's known as the Parmint recipe, and one dose of this Parmint Syrup will prove how good it is.

It brings almost instant relief to trying coughs and sore throats, clears the head and makes you well in no time. It's grand for kiddies, too. They like the Parmint Flavour.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/5 the bottle, including tax.

NOTE.—If through shortage of bottles your chemist is out of Parmint Syrup, get a 3/1½ bottle of Parmint Concentrated Essences and make up a big supply yourself.

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That is an ideal that comes nearer with every new achievement of medical science—**a world in which people are free to enjoy their lives,** happy and untrammelled by suffering and illness. Already the means are at hand—within the reach of all—whereby millions dispel their aches and pains in a few minutes. **'ASPRO' was created for this very purpose**—there seems almost no limit to its power to help. At home and overseas—in field and factory—**'ASPRO' tablets are soothing pain and restoring well-being every minute of the day,** without harming the heart or stomach. Give 'ASPRO' a trial the next time you feel a headache, neuralgia or a rheumatic twinge coming on. The results will astonish and delight you.

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Calms and Comforts

Prices 3½D. 6½D & 1/3½

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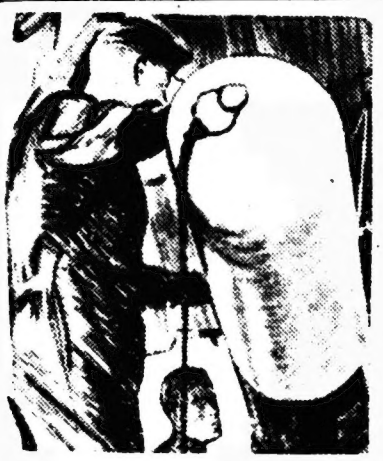

From the huge productive resources of C.W.S. garment factories there pours forth millions of military garments for our fighting forces . . . combination overalls for the Fleet Air Arm, and shirts of every description for all the fighting services. No organisation could have been more appropriately chosen for the gigantic task of equipping the people's army in wartime.

In war, as in peace, the Co-operative Wholesale Society produces the needs of the Nation and of the people.

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Gillette in battledress

"Standard" Gillette Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

Sometimes difficult to get—but always worth finding. Production still restricted.

The hands that punch a thousand tickets . . . . JB

kept beautiful with

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NAIL POLISH

LISTEN TO YOUR **WISER** SELF!

If ever you catch yourself saying, "Think I'll give my Savings a miss this week!" Listen to your wiser self. "Don't be daft," she says. "Regular weekly Savings through your Group is the best turn you can do yourself." In your own interest keep on buying National Savings Certificates.

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- **Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.**
- **This increase is not subject to Income Tax.**
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- **Savings up keeps prices down.**

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John White FOOTWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS

The signature borne by millions of pairs of Service footwear during the war years, will ensure comfort and satisfaction in wear in the days of peace — look for the name.

K.B. 1512
"MEN'S Oxford Shoe"

JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable Boots*), LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS. 29/44C

Constipation —a cause of low spirits

Too many women are suffering from constipation. Their good looks are being affected, their stomachs upset, and they never seem to have any energy. Yet the remedy is so simple: a course of Beecham's Pills—the ideal laxative, gentle, natural, effective, and reliable, **1/4d.** per box including Purchase Tax. Also obtainable in **Pennyworths.** JB

TAKE **Beecham's Pills**

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The best shave is a BRUSHLESS

BRYLSHAVE

You can't have had a best shave until you've tried a Brushless **Brylshave.** It's slick, smooth, easy, and seems to add another 10% to the keenness of your blade. As good for shaving as Brylcreem is good for your hair.

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Player's Please

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N.C.C.565EB

HOUSES but only if . . .

The Nation needs — and demands — houses. They will be forthcoming only by enlisting all the tried and trustworthy agencies of supply. Many will prefer, from deliberate choice, to purchase rather than rent the house they need. Public policy should provide that such genuine needs can be satisfied at the earliest practicable moment. The Abbey National and other building societies have large resources to assist individual home ownership — a further element in social security.

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Head Office: Abbey House, Baker Street, London, N.W.1
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